

# COUNTRY LIFE

## ILLUSTRATED.

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. IX.—No. 227. [ REGISTERED AT THE  
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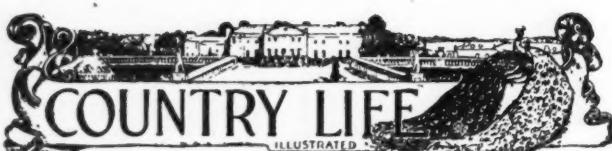
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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND HER DAUGHTERS.



**THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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## SUMMER SPORTS.

WHEN the Royal Academy opens one feels that winter is gone in earnest and the occupations of summer are begun. The very artists who have been in their town studios during the long dark months, though a few may linger to hear the popular and critical judgment on their work, have for the most part set their faces to fresh fields and pastures new. Some are content with the Thames, the river of pleasure, holding that age cannot wither or custom stale its infinite variety; others, faring further, will for months hence be studying the effects produced by clouds sweeping over moorland or sunlight falling on sea-bird or billow. Many, like migrating birds, return in colonies to haunts amid the Sussex Downs, on the Cornish Coast, or in the leafy Midlands, to think and paint for next year's show. They are indeed ubiquitous. One cannot find a quiet retreat among rural surroundings without being certain that, sooner or later, someone

will appear with palette and easel transferring the choicest bit to canvas. But of all intruders they are the least unwelcome, for the artist, as a rule, is a still and quiet creature, happiest when his presence is least observed. Yet there are exceptions, who appear to assume that farm stock is bred and husbandry is carried on chiefly for the purpose of supplying picturesque material for art. They lament that the labourers have ceased to wear smocks, that Farmer Giles, with his churchwarden pipe, his mug of cider, and his big arm-chair, is replaced by an educated gentleman from one of the agricultural cottages, who dresses more correctly than the artist himself, and has the language and manners of one accustomed to good society. Some of the ruder sort get themselves disliked by settling in garden or farmyard without law or leave, assuming that wherever something paintable strikes their fancy, there they have a right to be at home. But they are rare exceptions. Artists as a class well deserve the reputation of being kindly, courteous, companionable, good talkers, and free from most of the petty vices developed by callings in which the struggle for existence leads to more open hand-to-hand competition. To us poor slaves of the pen, very enviable is their fate, working at the task dearest to them in the most beautiful surroundings, and during the most agreeable period of the year. Let them either fail or succeed in their high endeavour, they have at least the consolation to remember that work itself was a pleasure, and probably one of the highest that life can yield.

There are other artists astir in May besides those who wield the brush, chief of whom is the angler for trout. At this season he has the mountain stream practically to himself. The shooting-lodge has long been empty, and even the keeper has laid his gun aside and is now a harmless guardian of the nesting birds. Tourists and holiday-makers have not yet started, and, they are wise. Charming at times does the wild country look with the buds of May breaking on the trees and sunlight warming the dark heath and withered bracken; and sweet it is to hear the cuckoos shouting on the sunny slopes and the sandpipers calling along the water's edge. Pleasant it is to watch the water-ousel fluttering over the ripples, or bending and nodding as he does on the mossy, half-submerged stone. Yet the experienced angler knows that this is but a deluding appearance. Often has he shivered in the biting east winds of May; well he knows how bitterly the cold rain patters on his face. And experience has told him that at this season life in country hotels is not exactly joy to the heart of a man; for the establishment is probably cut down in early summer to the irreducible minimum. The cook is taking a holiday, the garden boy is sent in to wait, and fires are a perplexity, for the weather is as capricious as a girl of sixteen. Light them, and it may happen—it always does seem to happen—that the heat becomes tropical; do not light them, and the breezes turn as cold as if they blew direct from the North Pole. Yet the true fisherman is willing to endure this discomfort cheerfully for the sake of his craft. He is aware that if he were too particular about hotels he might give up many of his favourite waters. Less of an art, but perhaps rather more of a sport, is otter-hunting, now in full swing. The otter-hunter, too, sees Nature at her best. Probably he says he does not care for it—and, indeed, the sporting enthusiast has his attention too much engrossed on the immediate object before to pay any great heed to the skies and clouds, the murmur of water or blowing of wind, save as they affect his quest. Yet those, perhaps, enjoy Nature best who talk least about it, and, indeed, cannot make their feelings articulate. At one time the present writer enjoyed the acquaintance of an aged and inveterate poacher. Outside his nocturnal delinquencies he was a lumpish, stupid sort of clown, perfectly uneducated, and apparently destitute of any ideas beyond those of snaring rabbits and spearing salmon. Yet once, after enduring a longer term of imprisonment than usual for some of his numerous misdeeds, he said "the grandest thing was to hear the wind suffin among the trees again." One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin, and those who have spent the greater part of their lives in the open air will sympathise with this feeling. The only difference is that, having followed legitimate sport with intelligence, they would express what they felt with more refinement and elegance.

With the opening of the Academy, too, King Willow begins to assert his sway, and the columns of newspapers bear testimony to the keenness of the annual struggle for the championship of the counties. To the inner ring of cricketers the pastime is interesting all the year round, but it is only when those lithe white-flannelled figures are out on some favourite ground, and the cracks piling up their centuries, that the general public recognises the vast importance of those questions, such as throwing and l.b.w., which have been discussed all winter with an air more or less academic. Now, however, it is practical politics. The disqualification of a single bowler might ruin the hopes of a county. Into the old argument we are not going to enter here, nor are we intending to speculate on the relative merits of Yorkshire and Lancashire, of Surrey and Middlesex. Indeed the cricket legislators themselves would be none the worse for a little more detachment in their deliberations, and it is quite as well that they have put off the settlement of the l.b.w. rule for another twelve

months. It would be a hundred pities were anything done to prevent cricket remaining the most delightful of all games to watch. Football attracts larger crowds, but we question if it yields so intimate a pleasure. Other sports now come in that are of a more private character and are not meant to attract crowds. There is archery for instance—one of those fascinating amusements that whosoever loves once loves for ever; and croquet is coming on, and lawn tennis, and many another pastime open as much to one season as another. Golf might be included were the passion not one that lasts all the year round, yet we doubt if at any other time it is quite so delightful as in the mornings of early summer, when the birds still are singing and wild flowers blowing on and round the course. But why go on with this enumeration? We make the best of winter and chase care away in its short dull days with shooting or hunting, but summer compels us to be merry whether we will or no. And for many reasons we are glad that it should be so. Obviously, were it not for all these temptations to go out into sunlight and open-air, no amount of sanitation would prevent people from sickening in cities that, as the census returns show, are all growing at the expense of the country. Games may not altogether counterbalance the evil, but they greatly mitigate it. Even the clerk or shopman who, in his scanty leisure, tills his little garden or scuds along some country lane on his bicycle must go back to his quill or his yard-wand invigorated and stimulated. Not long ago a self-constituted critic of England raised a protest against what he called the growing devotion of our youth to pleasure. We could sympathise with him if his protest were exclusively directed to those enervating amusements conducted indoors, but a nation does not lose but gains in vigour by the devotion of its citizens to open-air sports and pastimes.



**O**N Monday the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, to the great joy of the inhabitants, landed safely at Melbourne, after a voyage that has lasted since March 16th and has been marked by demonstrations of loyalty all along its course. They will stay for ten days at Melbourne, and afterwards visit a number of other places in Australia and New Zealand. So far nothing could have come off more splendidly. Troops, numbering 12,000, lined the route. Victorians newly returned from South Africa formed the guard of honour, and there were twenty-five military bands. Best of all was the spontaneous and hearty enthusiasm of the Australian people, who seem fully to recognise the greatness of the occasion. Of this the Royal visit is only the outward sign and symbol, a mark that the Mother Country appreciates the meaning of the Federated Parliament which the Duke will open, and sympathises with the aspirations of her great colony. It was a fine thought to put on the cards of invitation a figure of Australia holding in one hand her charter of Federal freedom and extending the other in cordial greeting to Great Britain. For us at home, too, the occasion is inspiring, and adds to our growing sense of Empire and responsibility.

On Saturday last the King, who has ever manifested a great interest in every form of wild life, paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens. His chief aim was to see that the animals from Windsor are properly housed and cared for, but there were many other objects to arouse his curiosity, such as Suffed Culli, the elephant, now the only mammal remaining of the fine collection he brought from India a quarter of a century ago. He looked, too, at the zebras, the diving birds, and others of the four-footed and two-footed folk under Mr. Bartley's care. The skill and success with which the latter has managed the great collection were recognised by the King verbally on the spot, and later by conferring on him the Royal Victoria Medal. All this is quite in keeping with the traditions of our Royal House, which, since the days of William IV., has been greatly interested in the Zoological Gardens. Nor has anyone more thoroughly earned distinction as a naturalist than Mr. Bartley, who accompanied the King, or, as he was then, the Prince of Wales, in his Indian tour, and

brought home many precious additions to our Natural History treasures.

Somewhat to the general surprise, the opening of the Academy this year brought together an unusual number of sightseers. The attraction most likely was Benjamin H. Constant's portrait of the Queen, since the exhibition, if it be up to average merit, is certainly not above it. Next to the canvas mentioned, which was never during the day without a circle of admirers round it, the great attraction was the work of Mr. Sargent. But probably what brought such a large crowd was personal rather than artistic feeling; it is, by the by, said to be the largest ever seen on an opening day. We hope in an early issue to give some account of those features of the exhibition which are likely to have a special attraction for our readers.

It may be hoped that the division in the House of Commons on Monday night will mark the end of all agitation against the coal tax. The Government adhered to their original position, and the motion authorising the imposition of a shilling a ton on exported coal was carried by a majority of 106. It was the conclusion of a debate well conducted on both sides. Sir William Harcourt, so to speak, ran up a fine score in his opening essay, but was clearly beaten by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Then, on Monday, Sir Edward Grey made one of those lucid, thoughtful speeches by which he maintains the respect of all parties, and that mark him out as the destined Leader of the House, and Mr. Balfour countered. A threat by the miners that they would stop the collieries rather than pay, probably accounted more than anything else for the strength of the Ministerial majority. Sir Edward Grey, who, though he represents a mining constituency has always the courage to speak his mind, felt obliged to express disapproval of this menaced approach to civil war. It is never a very agreeable duty to pay special taxes, and we can all understand and sympathise with a good British grumble at it, but a refusal on the part of any one industry to bear its share of national burden is more serious. Besides, the working miners could not possibly gain anything, and would lose for a time their means of livelihood, by going out on such an issue.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff told the University Extensionists rather a good story when addressing them at the Mansion House last Saturday. He was once talking to the well-known French critic M. Taine, when the latter said, "I consider Mrs. Browning to be the masculine of Tennyson." "What then do you make of Mr. Browning?" asked the lecturer, when it turned out that the critic had never heard of the lady's husband. Sir Mountstuart is a man of many parts, and once promised to cut a great figure in politics. He has been about a great deal and has seen a great many people, so that his references to one side of the reign of Victoria can scarcely fail to be interesting, even to those who would scarcely admit his claim to be a specialist in poetry.

As a writer of despatches, Lord Kitchener has achieved unique distinction. He is as economical of words as of war material, and sets forth the facts with an absence of verbal flourish that in its own way is delightful. Here is a sample that really deserves preservation for its laconic brevity: "Since last telegram columns report four Boers killed, five wounded, 118 prisoners, thirty surrenders, 106,000 small arms ammunition, 120 wagons." Could conciseness go further? It reminds us of Hotspur as Prince Hal described him: "He, that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fy upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O, my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers, 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' " But if Lord Kitchener is able to keep on repeating these trifles, there must soon be an end of the Boers.

As reassuring as anything that has yet come from the seat of war are the advertisement pages of the *Johannesburg Gazette* for April 2nd, which has just come to hand. We learn from it that a cut from the joint can now be had for 1s., and the price of chops and steaks is 1s. 3d. a pound. All the descriptive writing in the world, and all the poetry about Peace sitting under her olive, could not more eloquently proclaim the re-establishment of law and order. These advertisements show conclusively that affairs are returning to their normal condition, especially when supplemented by others for housemaids, lady type-writers, shorthand clerks, and other fine products of civilisation. People are evidently thinking less of war's dread alarms, and more about their houses and offices.

Clearly New York has been an interesting city in the recent tremendous boom in American railroad shares, fortunes being made with great rapidity by persons who had no better idea of spending them than is conveyed in the ordering of gold-mounted motor-cars. For a long time we have been aware that the earnings of many of the American railroads were sufficient

to justify a far higher rate of dividend than the directors of those affairs thought fit to distribute. It was their avowed policy to expend what we should be inclined to regard as an undue proportion of their earnings on the "betterment of their properties," and the English investor was not so quick to appreciate values thus concealed as if they had been announced in the form of distributions. Added to that, the prosperity of the country has increased by the "leaps and bounds" of proverbial phrase; so, on the whole, the terrific excitement lately displayed in Wall Street has had a far better groundwork and solid foundation than most of the like financial fevers. That being so, there is less reason to apprehend a very severe reaction or panic in consequence of the boom's collapse. The "boomers" may probably continue to ride in gold-mounted motor-cars indefinitely.

It was, perhaps, a little unfortunate that Shamrock II. should run aground at the very first opportunity which was presented, but inasmuch as the damage done was infinitesimal, there has been no feeling engendered that the new challenger is destined to be an unlucky vessel—which is a blessing, for to the superstitious beliefs of seafaring folk there is no end. It is hard to make any accurate comparison, but the general opinion seems to be that the present Shamrock is a vastly better boat than that vanquished by the Columbia in 1899. More cannot be said here, since these lines will be in the press whilst the first trial race is in progress between the two, and after that our readers will be able to gauge pretty accurately the respective merits of Sir Thomas Lipton's vessels.

The snow has remained on many of the lower Grampians and other Scottish hills well into the month of May, and the consequence has been a flood of snow-water into the rivers, which has done no good to the fishing. Nevertheless, salmon are about in numbers greater than has been the case for several years past, and it looks as if the decrease that we have had to lament for so long had ceased and the prospects are becoming more promising. Some recent anatomical investigations into the interiors of kelts descending the rivers, including some specimens that have actually reached the estuaries, all go to show that they do but little feeding in the fresh water, though probably a little more than the ascending fish. The result at least proves that the policy of knocking the kelts on the head, because they are likely to devour all fish that they can catch, is a foolish one, destructive to the stock which their numbers of course must go to swell, once they are proved free of the great offence of being cannibals on a big scale. It is very well that this conclusion should have been arrived at, and it were well that it should be published as widely as possible, for, other reasons apart, it must go very much against the grain with a true sportsman—a phrase which we take to mean a humane man—to destroy these poor fish that are useless, and generally are left lying, as so much offal, on the river's bank.

Everyone who is interested in the drainage of houses in the country—and everyone living in the country ought to take an interest in it, equally for their own sake as for their neighbours'—should read the article by Lady Priestley in the *Nineteenth Century* for April. It is a scientific article, but written in language that the plain man can understand. The plan, briefly, is to have the drainage consumed by bacteria. The drain is led into a first tank in which a certain species of bacteria is bedded down; it is then passed on to another tank, in which is a second species of bacteria. The one species eliminates certain elements of an offensive nature, and the other species all the remaining elements of offence, so that the overflow, after both kinds have done with it, is no more nor less than pure water. It sounds like a fairy tale. It is in fact the romance and the poetry of house-drainage. But it is science and practical common-sense as well, and of especial importance at a moment when the builder is putting up his little villas in all the beautiful places within an hour or so by train from London. There is no system of common drainage for most of these, nor again have they sufficient extent of land about them to admit of their drainage being led far enough both from themselves and their neighbours to be inoffensive. It is for this kind of "little place in the country" that the plan advocated by Lady Priestley seems especially well suited and valuable.

A great deal has been heard of the new woman movement, but on Sunday there was an attempt made to set a new man movement going also. Some married males held a meeting at St. George's Hall, Westminster Bridge Road, to found a husbands' protection society as against that hideous person, the drunken wife. This is not a possession to be proud of, and the afflicted men foregathered stealthily and in small numbers. We may suppose, too, that they spoke with hushed voice and watchful eye, ever dreading that some irate tipsy wife might pop in among them and pounce upon her peculiar victim. Yet,

jesting aside, there is a real grievance to be remedied, and those who have the misfortune to be cursed with the care of a victim to this terrible vice are quite entitled to unite for the purpose of securing relief. In the homes of the poor especially there can be no peace and no happiness where the woman drinks, and it would be better if the men would put their natural feelings of shame aside and consider what is best to be done. Alcoholism is a disease, and should be treated as one, and if cases are incurable, they should be taken to proper homes. The drunkard, in fact, should be treated as a lunatic.

When more French millionaires die it is to be hoped that they will follow the example of the Count de Saint Ouen de Pierrecourt. He left the bulk of his fortune to the City of Rouen, but set aside a sum of 100,000 francs to provide an annual reward for the most physically fit of the couples who had married in the preceding twelve months. Someone has called this a plan for the endowment of giants, but the benefactor of Rouen was probably not thinking at all of the abnormal. Like many of his countrymen, he felt keenly the degeneracy of the race as exhibited in late marriages, a decreasing birth-rate, and puny children. He has therefore done what one man may to encourage healthy marriages. But the question is how far young people will be influenced by it. Taking the sum to represent roughly £5,000, this at 3 per cent. would give £150 annually for a prize—a considerable sum, no doubt, to a peasant proprietor, a young shopkeeper trying to start in some way of business, or a carpenter wishing to set up a shop of his own; quite sufficient, in fact, to send a Jacques of 6 ft. in search of a Jeannette to match these inches. Would marriages resting on this physical basis be happy? The dead millionaire might reply from Hades, "Who knows?—it is a lottery at the best." He has, at all events, discovered a new application of the ubiquitous prize system.

It is with much satisfaction that we learn of the acquisition by the Corporation of Lichfield of Dr. Johnson's old house, "Sam" and Lichfield are inseparably connected, were it only by that unforgettable picture of him standing bareheaded there to do penance for disobedience to his father. And to open his house as a museum filled with books, prints, and pictures such as "the great lexicographer"—who can resist using the phrase Thackeray made such fun of?—is in some degree associated with, cannot but have an educative effect on the holiday-makers who after Whitsuntide will have in Dr. Johnson's house one more place to go to. The town owes a debt of gratitude to Alderman John Gilbert, who is understood to be the donor to it of this possession, and we trust that admirers of Dr. Johnson will not be slow to back him up by sending what they can spare of relics of the dictionary-maker and his works.

A Bill concerning a matter of some public interest came before a Select Committee of the House of Lords last Monday. The expansion of St. Bartholomew's Hospital appears in the eyes of the Governors to be so imperative, both for the proper accommodation of the staff and for the erection of various other buildings, that they wish to absorb a portion of the land whereon Christ's Hospital now stands. The site required is about one acre and a half in extent, and the price offered for it £117,000. The almoners of Christ's Hospital, however, are not content with less than £210,000, or nearly double that sum. The matter has consequently been submitted to arbitration—a course approved by the King when as Prince of Wales he was also President of "Bart's." The argument employed by the authorities of Christ's Hospital against the extension is that the Bill is unprecedented. To this the obvious answer is that the identical piece of land now in dispute was actually obtained by purchase in the year of grace 1795, and that, moreover, compulsory powers of a similar nature to those now sought were granted so recently as 1899 to the London Hospital.

## OUR PORTRAIT . . . . . . ILLUSTRATION.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of England, and of her two daughters, Lady Alexandra Victoria Alberta Edwina Louise, born in 1891, and Lady Maud Alexandra Victoria Georgina Bertha, born in 1893. Her Royal Highness's name has been much before the public lately in connection with the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition. Incidentally the picture illustrates the fact that the Duchess of Fife is a keen and skilful angler, and we believe that we are correct in saying that she is also an expert swords-woman.

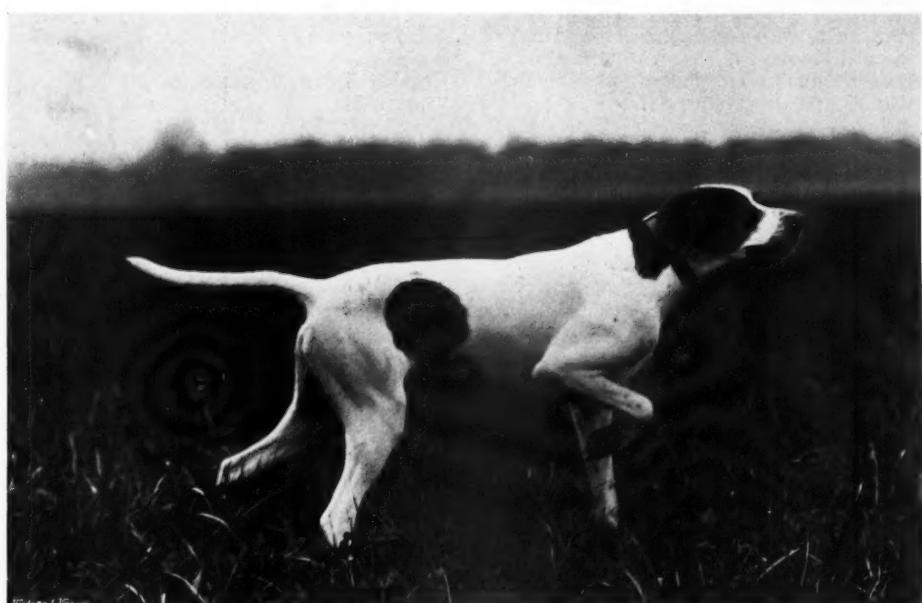
## THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

It is now about thirty-five years since the late William Brailsford started some field trials on the Ranton Abbey Estate near Stafford. Brailsford was then keeper to the late Lord Lichfield, and the trials were successful from the first in interesting shooters, and have been conducted annually from that time to this by a committee which has been filled up, from time to time, as vacancies occurred, and the present one evolved with Colonel Cotes for president for this year. A few years afterwards the late Sir Vincent Corbet saw these spring field trials migrate to his estate, and they have ever since remained in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, where the keepering has always been able to provide a plentiful supply of partridges, first on one estate, then in another year upon another. Acton Reynold, now Sir Walter Corbet's, has, however, provided the necessary more often than any other, and always it has been safe to affirm that when there the meeting would prove a success. This year, however, has outdistanced all the previous events for the quantity of the birds, the correct selection of a line of country, chiefly due to Coggings, the head-keeper, with the occasional suggestions of Colonel Cotes. For instance, had we not fallen back a couple of miles to Hardwick on the last day, to get the wind, so as to have a fair line of country before us, we should not have ended on Thursday. All told, no less than sixty different braces were put down to run it off. Still, admirably as everything was arranged, there is no such thing as controlling the scent, and although, as so often happens in May, there was moderate scent on the first two days, there was none to speak of on the morning of the last

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ROSE DROPPING TO WING.

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SYKE OF BROMFIELD.

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THE SETTER PUPPY STAKES.

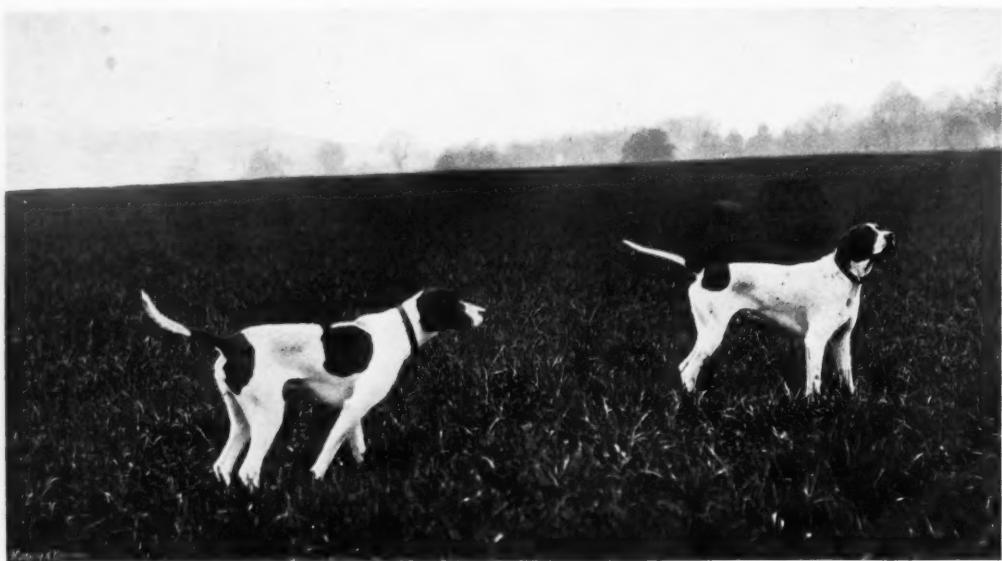
"COUNTRY LIFE."

day, when the two most important events of the meeting came off. These two were the contest for the premier position between pointer and setter puppies for the year. It lay between Mr. Nicholson's Sally Brass, a remarkably hard-working pointer puppy, one which had beaten all in her stake on Tuesday, and Captain Heywood Lonsdale's Rigo, the setter puppy which had treated his fellows of the year in the same easy fashion on Wednesday. Both dogs had in fact done almost faultless work; but on Thursday neither did much, and the trial had to be prolonged. At the end, when Sally had flushed three lots and

had only very little pointing to her credit, Rigo seemed afraid to range with her, and a new field was asked for, to see whether that would make any difference. In this he started off all right, and as his work had all been good, what there was of it, he had the award, but it was the least decisive ending of the whole meeting, which had, up till then, been prolific in finishes, such as it was impossible for anyone to doubt, and which really hardly needed judges to determine. The latter were Messrs. George Davies and G. Teasdale-Buckell.

The most important part of a judge's work is, after all, to know when to stop a trial, and then to do it immediately, before the worker of a well-beaten dog can go on and equalise matters by some more work; yet it does not do to stop a trial simply upon a piece of luck, and the object is to give each the same chance, and then only to take up the dogs when one has clearly shown he can make the most use of equal opportunities. If this is the first consideration of the judges,

they are almost certain to be rewarded with finals which nobody can contest, and in fact there was but one final of this whole meeting that did not present this feature. That one has been alluded to already. This is a system which, if it does not find



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A STAUNCH BACK.

the best dog, at least finds the best upon the day. This is really the heats system modified by throwing out such dogs as have done really bad work.

On Tuesday we began with the Pointer Puppy Stakes, and at the end it was seen that Banner Faskally (Mr. Butter's) and Mr. Nicholson's Sally Brass were the best, and their scores in the final run were: Banner, one point to a hare, two backs; Sally (winner), two points to partridges, one flush. A point to hare not going for much, because of the uncertainty of the scent, Sally had done all the work and won.

Then in the pointer division of the Acton Reynold Stakes Rose of Gerwn did the most work in finding and quartering her ground; and although she got too near one brace of birds it was a very clear case of Mr. A. E. Williams's Rose first, with Mr. Elias Bishop's Hooklands Jane second.

The Brace Stakes is run on different lines, and judges have to carry the work done by each brace belonging to a single owner in their heads and their books as well as they can. There is no chance of comparing under precisely the same and simultaneous circumstances as is done in all other stakes. But in this case there was luckily not the smallest doubt, for on the work done, as well as the manner of doing it, Mr. A. E. Butter's Banner Faskally and Faskally Bragg were the only ones in it, and this in spite of the fact that each brace in turn had done really good work. Their score was three points to each, and no failure in steadiness behind. There was a flush of a pheasant, but the crowd had as much to do with that as the dog, and, besides, all dog men would recognise that these two had a field much more difficult to do than the others, as it was very hilly, and as uncertain for scent as for sight. Moreover, both the other braces had flushed partridges.

The Setter Puppy Stakes for the final lay between Captain Heywood Lonsdale's Rigo and Mr. Warwick's Compton Merrie. Score: Rigo (winner), two good points; Merrie one point at birds found before dogs were cast off, one flush, and a back. That again, therefore, was most decisive, as the two were about equal for ranging, and Rigo carries a better head, and won.

In the setter section of the Acton Reynold Stakes, Count

Gleam and Mayfly appeared equally good, and one of them certain to win; but each in turn went down before Mr. Warwick's Compton Beauty, who beat Mayfly with two points to nothing. Then the score between Compton Beauty and Mr. Llewellyn's

Count Gleam was more unequal still as it stood. Beauty, one point (winner); Gleam, back, flush and chase, refusal to back, and another chase with one point to his credit.

Then there was the final between Compton Beauty, Mr. Warwick's winning setter, and Mr. Williams's Rose of Gerwn, the winning pointer. The score was: Beauty (winner), one doubtful point, two good points; Rose, one point and one flush. The ranging was about equal in point of speed.

The final for the Champion Stakes was even more decisive. This is a competition reserved for previous winners of first and seconds in field trials, and there were nineteen runners, so that it was expected to be a protracted contest, and after going twice through the card it looked as if either of the following might win. However, Mr. Butter's Syke of Bromfield beat Mr. Warwick's Compton

Dinah; Mr. Elias Bishop's Ben of Newark beat Mr. W. Arkwright's Barley Bree, pointless; Mr. A. E. Butter's Banner Faskally beat Mr. Elias Bishop's Cranfield Druce in a trial, in which both did splendidly; Captain Heywood Lonsdale's Ightfield Duke (setter) beat Mr. A. E. Butter's Banner Faskally (pointer); Mr. A. E. Butter's Syke of Bromfield beat Captain Lonsdale's Ightfield Duke, with two very smart finds to Duke's *nil*, and won championship, with Duke second.

## SOME OF THE PICTURES OF THE PARIS SALONS.

THOSE who visited the Paris Exhibition last year will remember the Grand Palais on the avenue which connects the Champs Elysées with the new bridge across the Seine. It is in this building that the two rival societies hold their salons. The Société des Artistes Français,



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A MERRY LUNCHEON-PARTY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

known as the Old Salon or the Champs Elysées, has its entrance in the front of the building, whilst the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, better known as the Champs de Mars, is entered from the side, in the Avenue d'Antin. The two exhibitions, though held in the same building, are

totally distinct. In the Old Salon, generally speaking, the works exhibited are on the classic conventional lines, the painting is highly finished, and greater attention is paid to the story told. In the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts the works are freer and less conventional, the talent is more vigorous and personal. It is in this salon that we find the representative men of the day, the more advanced ideas, and receive the most artistic pleasure. The two salons can be equally congratulated upon their excellent premises, which are spacious, well lighted, and admirably adapted for the picture show, with cool tessellated galleries where people can sit in a subdued light for a moment, and take rest and refreshment, as a break to the ardent and trying pursuit of "doing the salons." By far the best pictures of the year are M. Besnard's "Féerie intime," the "Nuit de Saint Jean" by M. Charles Cottet, "Baiser du Soir" by Eugène Carrière, "Bucolique" by M. Henri Martin, M. Pointelin's landscapes, and M. Benjamin Constant's portrait of Queen Alexandra.

The picture by M. Besnard, to which he has given the somewhat ambiguous title of "Féerie intime," represents a nude figure of a woman lying back in a deep arm-chair, a rich black and cream satin cloak is thrown across the back, and a spangled gauze drapery hangs over one of the arms. The woman's figure is curled sideways in the chair, the head and upper part of the body in a strange pearly light, which is diffused around and penetrates to the deep gloom of the room behind; the lower part is in a colder light. On the face is a strange expression that is hard to define—the eyes are half voluptuous, half dreamy, with something of the mystery of old Vinci's *Joconda* in them. There is love, there is disdain, and also a certain element of impudence; but the merit of the work does not lie only in the expression of the face. There is a power in the drawing and in the painting of this foreshortened figure, in the sombre simplicity of the background with the open Japanese cabinet with one lighted candle on it, just discernible in the gloom, which few modern painters could equal, either in conception or execution. The spangled gauze drapery that hangs over the arm of the chair is a masterly piece of handling; the light seems actually to shine from the steel ornaments which sparkle out of the dark shadows of the background, and the painting is so sure and broad that it is positively disturbing. The work as a whole has a unity of sentiment and arrangement, a refined colour scheme, and a peculiarly fascinating charm. Those who know the originality and brilliance of M. Besnard's decorative work in the Ecole de Pharmacie, in the Hôtel de Ville, and in the Amphitheatre of Chemistry at the Sorbonne, can form some idea of the ability shown in this work. The picture by M. Charles Cottet, which he calls "Au pays de la mer: Nuit de Saint Jean," is of quite another character. It represents the *fête* of Saint Jean as it is still celebrated in some parts of Brittany, in which bonfires play the most important part. On the edge of the sea on a warm June night a number of peasants are seated round a bonfire; the fire itself is hidden, but the smoke is seen curling up in the windle's night air, and the firelight falls on the figures grouped around. In the distance, on a tongue of land stretching out to the sea, similar ceremonies are being performed at stated intervals along the coast, and the rising smoke is reflected in the rich blue of the sea beneath. On the right the silhouette of a village, with its long rambling street and church spire, can be made out against the horizon on a sky still aglow from the recent sunset.

In the group in the foreground there are three old Brittany women crouching down, their faces and heavy cloaks lighted by the flames, and to the right are boys and girls. One of the girls in this group holds a baby, whose face has that peculiar o'er-world look of quite young children; the girl's face is beautifully painted in the glow of the fire, de-aching itself from the deep blue of the sea, which forms a romantic background to the scene. The starry summer sky is rendered with all the depth and mystery of truth, and the rich colour of the light that falls here and there on the faces and figures grouped around adds to what could not fail to be a most picturesque and beautiful scene.

M. Eugène Carrière's "Baiser du Soir" takes us from the picturesque to the sentimental, using the word in its best sense. A mother, holding a baby at her breast, is being passionately kissed by an older child, whilst others are clambering around, full of love, waiting for their turn. M. Carrière is an artist of profound feelings; he understands the mother's quiet patient love and the child's almost violent passion for kissing, and in this picture he has admirably conveyed the two equally intense but contrasting feelings. Many people have taken exception to the artist's arbitrary suppression of colour in his work, and to the atmosphere of mystery with which he envelops his figures, but when so much passion, and so much of the intimate life of the soul are expressed, what further can we demand of any painter? In addition to this power of M. Carrière's, I may add that no living artist can draw and model a woman's hands or a child's face with equal skill or charm.

Of M. Pointelin's landscapes, the "Fond de Vallon" ("The Bottom of the Valley") is the most noteworthy. It represents simply the slope of a hill against a grey sky, with a small reedy pond in the foreground, and a couple of leafless trees to the right. But how delightful and how true in its faithful impression of Nature! Here again does one realise that the greatest art is always the most simple. One feels the marshy, reedy foreground, and the stretch of country that lies beyond that simple line of hill so admirably and firmly drawn, and the ground, though broadly treated, is full of all the accents and modelling of the



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THE WINNER OF THE SETTER PUPPY STAKES. "COUNTRY LIFE."

land. M. Pointelin's technique is markedly individual; no artist has his power or his courage in sacrificing the execution of details and yet suggesting them by the breadth and force of his execution.

M. Henri Martin's "Bucolique" is conceived in a rather more realistic spirit than we are accustomed to from his brush. It is a sunny woodland scene, where sheep graze and rustic figures move about under the shadows of richly-coloured pine trees. In the sunny fields beyond peasants are mowing grass, and the ground beneath the pines is lighted up by gleams from the setting sun.

M. Martin's work is

always interesting; but this happy representation of simple bucolic life does more than interest; it touches the heart and recalls all the pleasures of open-air country life. The colour scheme is rich, and the sensation of cool shadows in the foreground throws up the brilliance of the hot sunlit hill beyond the wood; and the shepherd, the grazing sheep, and the woman resting under the pines with her baby on her knees, all seem to belong to and form part of the scene.

M. Benjamin Constant's portrait of Queen Alexandra, painted when Her Majesty was still Princess of Wales, is singularly happy in expression and arrangement. The Queen is represented in evening dress in the park at Sandringham; a richly-embroidered cloak covers one shoulder and arm, the head is bent slightly forward, and a golden light falls on the hair. The general colour of the picture is of an autumnal tone, for the trees and grass of the park are brown and gold, with a gleam of evening sunlight falling here and there. This is relieved by one touch of green in the large jewel at the centre of the bodice. It is not a large picture, but it is impressive, and it has the great merit of being unconventional. The figure is represented down to the waist—which is somewhat unusual in portrait painting—and the embroidery of the cloak and the golden light on the hair are solidly and richly painted. It may be considered as one of M. Benjamin Constant's successful portraits, and it is easily seen that the elegance and grace of his model have inspired him to one of his best efforts.

In sculpture is M. Rodin's marble figure of Victor Hugo, a fragment of the great monument which he is executing for the Pantheon. M. Rodin is at last recognised as the greatest living sculptor, and his figure of Victor Hugo, with head bent and outstretched arm, standing alone in the centre under the great dome, thoroughly justifies his reputation. Somebody was asked before Carrière, the well-known painter of maternity, if he had seen the sculpture of the year. "I have seen the Victor Hugo," was the answer. "That is the sculpture," said Carrière. It will be remembered that the famous statue of Balzac, which was ordered by the city fathers and refused when completed, and which made such a sensation throughout Europe in the art world at that time, was the work of M. Rodin.

E. S. S.

## FROM THE PAVILION

**A**FTER the storm, the calm; and a holy peace is now settling down on the batsman's mind, tossed by the tempest of words anent the great I.b.w. question. The result of the voting at the M.C.C. meeting certainly came as a great surprise, for few men, I fancy, thought that the amendment would find fifty followers: I did not for one, especially after talking with various people on the subject; but the glowing eloquence of Lyttelton, Shuter, and Mitchell may have influenced innumerable votes. Most people seemed to think that the past generation was practically legislating for the present, and that it would be better for the present to legislate for itself; if so, let the present bring in its bill of amendment, but not in the form "W. G." is so practically testing at the Crystal Palace—deciding an unfinished match on the first innings; this gives too great an opening for pottering on the part of the side that has once got the lead, though I grant that there might be some rare fun to see the behindhand side smiting, regardless of rule, in a desperate attempt to knock off runs against time. Perhaps it is well after all that the principle should be tested, and the constitution of the L.C.C.C. readily admits of experiment. To revert to I.b.w., I voted against the change, because it seems to me to be too drastic on slow wickets, and not drastic enough on hard ones, unless every side equips itself with two leg-break bowlers, such as are Jephson and Storer; also because I believe the umpires would have a far harder task—it is said that as a body they were against the change; also because I believe that it will lead to worse pottering, because no one will play out, bat and leg together, to a length ball that may break back, as did Gunn and Hearne the other day, but will simply play the hanging-guard shot—safe, easy, and dull. However, enough of this; the danger—I call it a danger—is past for the present.

Gunn, as already hinted, played his very best cricket the other day, and was rather freer into the bargain; his off-hitting was as stylish as ever, and he made two or three capital drives to the on, but the play of the Eton boy, the Hon. M. R. Herbert, caused quite a little sensation, especially when it was known that he was not in the eleven last year. A little uncertain at the start,

he soon played himself in, and made some excellent strokes, with plenty of power behind them, on the off side; and as he has ample defence, he should "take a deal o' shifting" during the year.

Apart from this match—M.C.C. v. Notts—which the county won so easily, thanks largely to the bowling of the ex-Lancastrian, Hallam, only one first-class match was played last week, *i.e.*, Surrey v. London County at the Crystal Palace. The L.C., by the first-innings rule suggested by Grace, accepted by Jephson, and approved by the M.C.C., won by 67 runs, though there was not a great deal in it if the match had been played out. Grace delighted everyone by two innings of 71 and 80, made with plenty of dash and freedom; indeed, had he been able to run about, the scores might easily have been twin centuries; anyhow the feat was a great one, and greater in its combination with C. J. B. Wood's 66 and 70, for the pair twice had three figures up without being separated. Braund for the same side made 115 not out, and 58. Surely, as I said last year, Surrey was very premature in discarding him. Hayward made 77 runs for Surrey in rare form, and Abel was a good second to Braund with 105 not out; but among all these batting feats, Grace's five wickets for 39 stands out as a nice little piece of bowling. One wonders, all the same, who is going to get Surrey's opponents out this year.

The same may be said of the two Universities, which have got through two stages each of their trial games, the Seniors' and Freshmen's matches, in which abundance of batting developed itself but not much bowling. Of the Cambridge Freshmen, McCorquodale of Harrow, who was a capital bowler last year, seems to have maintained his form, and to have bowled out his brother "freshers" with some precision, while Watson ("Private") was fairly successful; but good batsmen bristled all over the place. From what I hear or know, Longman, Harper, and Bompas are all good enough for a batting "Blue," and I daresay Marsh is too, for they all bat capitally; but "Bowling! Give us bowling!" will be the cry, so if McCorquodale keeps up his form in good company, I shall back him to get the first "cap," unless it goes to the "senior," W. P. Robertson, also of Harrow, who nearly made a double century (123 and 96) in his exercise canter, and is a highly important personage, *viz.*, a good wicket-keeper, as well. He made over 100 last year, too, for Middlesex v. Worcestershire, at a very critical point of the game. Keigwin of Clifton effected a century in the Seniors' match, and Keigwin of St. Paul's got some runs as a Freshman—relations, I presume.

Much the same tale may be told of Oxford; though one very big score, Voss's 136, was made, yet forties and fifties abounded, and there was more scoring than bowling. The Freshmen's match did not produce a century, but Sanderson (Malvern) got 92; Boissier (Leatherhead), 74; Dickson (Marlborough), 38 and 50; Pawson (Winchester), 77, and so on, and so on, Dillon, the Rugby crack, being modestly content with 27 and 1, though he got four wickets in each innings, and had not particularly good luck. These four matches produced—I love figures on occasion—4,159 runs for 155 wickets, nearly 27 runs per man per innings, which is too high, even though no "Blues" were bowling. It now remains to be seen what happens when aspirants are drafted, temporarily, into their respective 'Varsity Elevens and have first-class opponents to tackle.

W. J. FORD.



I HOPE at some future time to review the entertaining "Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton" (Methuen), which has been written by George Somes Layard, but in the meanwhile I cannot help quoting the lady's account of her first interview with Douglas Cook. He was the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and his great fame was yet to be achieved as first editor of the *Saturday Review*. Mrs. Lynn Linton had sent in an article, and was asked to come and see the editor. This is how she describes what took place:

"I was punctual to the moment, and, with a beating heart but very high head, went swinging up the narrow, dingy court into which the editor's entrance gave, and then up the still narrower and still dingier stairs to a room whence I could not see the street for the dirt, which made the windows as opaque as ground glass. Here I was told to wait till Mr. Cook could see me. In about half-an-hour the messenger returned and ushered me into the awful presence. For, in truth, it was an awful presence in more ways than one. It was not only my hope present and future, but of itself personally it was formidable. A tall, cleanly-shaved, powerfully-built man, with a smooth head of scanty red hair, fiery reddish hazel eyes, a look of supreme command, an air of ever-vibrating impatience and irascibility, and an abrupt but not unkindly manner, standing with his back to the fireplace, made half a step forward and held out his hand to me as I entered the room.

"So you are the little girl who has written that queer book and want to be one of the press-gang, are you?" he said, half smiling, and speaking in a jerky and unprepared manner, both singular and reassuring.

"I took him at his humour, and smiled too. 'Yes, I am the woman,' I said.

"Woman you call yourself? I call you a whipper-snapper," he answered, always good-humouredly. "But you seem to have something in you. We'll soon find it out if you have. I say, though, youngster, you never wrote all that rubbish yourself? Some of your brothers helped you. You never scratched all those queer classics and mythology into your numskull without help. At your age it is impossible."

"It may be impossible," I laughed, "at the same time it is true. I give you my word, no one helped me. No one even saw the manuscript or the proofs," I added eagerly.

"On which my new friend and potential master startled me as much as if he had fired off a pistol in my ear, first by his laughter, and then by the volley of oaths which he rolled out, oaths of the strangest compounds and oddest meanings to be heard anywhere, oaths which he made himself at the moment, having a speciality that was unsurpassed, unsurpassable, and inimitable. But as he laughed while he blasphemed, and called me 'good girl' in the midst of his wonderful expletives, he evidently did not mean mischief. And I had fortunately

enough sense to understand his want of malice and to accept his manner as of the ordinary course of things.

"This pleased him, and after he had exhausted his momentary stock of oaths he clapped me on the back with the force of a friendly sledge-hammer, and said, 'You are a nice kind of little girl, and I think you'll do.'

"Then he told me to go into the next room to write a letter on a Blue Book which he would send in to me. It was the report of the Parliamentary Commission on the condition of the miners relative to the 'truck' system.

"'I give you three hours and a half,' he said, taking out his watch. 'Not a minute longer, by—' By that time your work must be done, or you'll have no supper to-night! You must take the side of the men; but—d've hear?—you are not to assassinate the masters. Leave them a leg to stand on, and don't make Adam Smith turn in his grave by any cursed theories smacking of socialism and the devil knows what. Do you understand, young woman? I have had the passages marked which you are to notice, and so you need not bother that silly cocoanut of yours with any others. Keep to the text, write with strength, and don't talk nonsense. And now be off.'

There is a passage in "Joseph Andrews" that came into my head the other day. It is that wherein the humorous squire cries, "Stole away," and sets his hounds on Parson Adams. Joseph comes to the rescue, and the narrator exclaims, "O Ringwood, Ringwood, the best hound that ever pursued a hare; who never threw his tongue but when the scent was undoubtedly true; good at trailing, and sure in a highway; no babbler, no over-runner, respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, knew the game was at hand; he fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder and Plunder, and Wonder and Blunder were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths upon the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up at his house, and fed at his own table," and so on. Before me is lying a tiny booklet, "Names for Hounds" (Vinton), which has been reprinted from *Baily's Magazine*, and it is good to find that the names mentioned by Henry Fielding, who was himself a sportsman and country gentleman, are all preserved in it. Yet one is disposed to take up the glove which the editor throws down when he says: "It would, we think, be difficult to suggest a name that could be added." That sent me at once to look for Echo in the list, which surely fulfils the conditions required, *viz.*, that "it should be easy of enunciation by the men and of recognition by the hound." Surely it is better in these respects than any of those surrounding the place into which it should have come—Ebonite, Ebony, Ebor, Ecstasy, Edgar, and Edible. In my opinion, not one of these is comparable to Echo, and it has the advantage also of being an old hound name. I take another omission in Gypsy—a better name surely than Gunboat, Gulliver, or Gwendoline. The last is as hideous as Edible. Why, again, is Lily omitted, and Lucy and Lingerer and Lingust put in? Lilly, if I remember rightly, was the mother of Lumen, also looked for in vain, though it ought to have come between Lucy and Luxury. Again, Topper is not an ideal name, but it is no worse than Topsy, or Topmost, or Torchlight. These examples ought to convince the compiler that this list is not so perfect as he imagines it to be, and probably a little research in kennel records would result in a great addition to them. Of course, there are many reasons for maintaining certain names in packs, but other things being equal there is a certain aesthetic pleasure in hearing hounds called by such fine old names as Echo and Gypsy, just as for pet dogs you will never beat Shakespeare's Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart. However, the compiler's sins are those of omission only, and, perhaps, in a new edition he might print the names with gaps between them, so that while his list will serve as a basis, Masters of Hounds and others may fill in such names as express their individuality.

Late last year, when staying at the seaside in a dull little town, there was a book on etiquette which yielded me a great deal of amusement during wet weather. It could not be called an ancient tome, since it was dated 1870, but its elaborate directions as to behaviour were very piquant. I could not bring the book away, but it left the impression on my mind that it enumerated about a million things that I habitually neglect in the way of "presenting compliments," *writin*; elaborate invitations to dinner, and accepting those of others with equal pomp and dignity. How differently are these things done now. Here, for instance, is Mrs. Humphry, the incomparable "Madge" of *Truth*, with one of those elongated volumes dear to Mr. Fisher Unwin, who publishes it, on "Manners for Girls," and how unconscious she prints the social revolution. For instance, listen to this about the chaperone: "There is often more difficulty in finding the chaperone than in discovering the promised partner who is supposed to be under her charge. She is probably dancing herself, or if not dancing, is sitting out in some secluded corner of the stairs or sheltered nook in the 'conversatory,' enjoying one of those flirtations in which the married woman of our day is frequently an adept." Did this kind of chaperone exist in the seventies? Or in those distant innocent days would a guide of feminine youth have given this advice to those who wish to avoid partners they do not like: "Secure two programmes; on one of them fill up initials after every dance, and show that programme to the men with whom you do not wish to dance. Do not let them examine it very closely, however. The other programme can be produced for the partners who dance well or who are agreeable for some other reason." I also thought the following paragraph, describing man as a thing to dance with, quite delicious: "He need not think for a moment that it is his own personality that attracts. He may be handsome, charming, delightful, an Adonis and an Apollo rolled into one, but for all that his value in a ballroom is that he represents a dance, perhaps three or four dances. Even if he is plain, insignificant, and of no social importance, if he can only dance, he is in request. But let him not feed his vanity with that assurance." In the seventies the curate was a general darling, and to some extent he is still, if we may judge from this cynical remark: "A nice girl is almost afraid to speak to curates, because she knows so well that most girls flirt with them." But I am afraid these quotations will leave a wrong impression, so it ought to be said that Mrs. Humphry's book is, generally speaking, staid and sensible. Often it goes into details that seem to a masculine taste unnecessary, as, for instance, in her directions for doing up a newspaper: "The neat way is to have a white wrapper just the size of the paper when folded, and to tie this very firmly round with a piece of fine strong string—not a stout piece of box-cord! But though a neat white wrapper is the best way, it is quite permissible to send to a friend a paper merely tied round with fine strong string, the address legibly written on the blank space." Now why should the girl not obtain some gummed stamped wrappers from the post-office? That is what the mere male asks.

Books to order from the library:

"The Life and Letters of Gilbert White." Rashleigh Holt White. (Murray.)  
"In Arcady and Out." Ford Madox Hueffer. (Brimley Johnson.)  
"A Garden Diary." Emily Lawless. (Methuen.)  
"Pastorals of Dorset." M. E. Francis. (Longmans.)

ON-LOOKER.

## ON A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

THE rain came down steadily for two days, but still the stream grew no bigger. The moors above were so parched and dry that they soaked in all the rain and gave none away. The trout were still crowded together in the pools — connected by mere trickles of water — and so clearly could they see through the water that even the longest cast had no other effect than to startle them into cover. On the third day a slight rise was apparent. The rain continued through the night, and I sat down to breakfast with the pleasant consciousness that the stream was at length fishable.

The bundle of sandwiches is packed into the basket. The rod and landing-net are taken down from their abiding place within the porch, and a start is made. The walk down the road, past a pretty white cottage, through a primitive species of gate that has never known hinges, over a field that seems to produce nothing but stones and thistles, to the water's edge, occupies but ten minutes. AN INSPECTION OF THE STREAM shows that it is still so much below even summer level that waders are not called for. The wind is down stream, so that casting is light labour. The flies—three in number, a red spinner and two black gnats—fall softly by the great boulder, 8yds. or 9yds. below me, where the unruffled surface shows deep water. As they swing round in the current, something just breaks the surface. I turn my wrist and the line tightens. From the bending of the rod I infer a big fish—in these streams anything over a pound is a "big fellah"; but no, the fish when netted is barely a quarter of a pound. The greater part of the trouble was caused by a submerged branch that had attached itself to the red spinner. None but fingerlings now come to the fly—it is marvellous with what unanimity they make for the gnats—until I reach THE "BLACK HOLE." This expressive name is given to a length of some 50yds. or 60yds. of the stream that is so completely roofed in by the foliage of the trees on each bank, that at midday the light within is no stronger than dim twilight. This length can only be fished in thick water; then one may wade up and worm fish with 3ft. of well-shot line hanging from the end of the rod; it is dangerous



Photo.

AN INSPECTION OF THE STREAM.

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work, but thus only can one reach the fish that lurk there. It is, indeed, just possible to get the flies into the first pool, and this I essay to do. The first cast lands the flies on the white stone that with razor-like edges guards the left entrance to the pool; the second takes them, aided by a sudden gust of wind, on to the drooping branch of a very conveniently-placed hawthorn. A gentle shake, however, frees them, and they fall softly on the dark surface. A fish rises to meet them, and as he leaps clear at the prick of the hook, I see that he is a record fish. The odds are strongly against me. The tangle overhead does not allow me to shorten my line sufficiently to get over him. I can only try to keep him in mid-stream and tire him out. Finding that his leaps do not free him from the strange encumbrance, he rushes for the shelter of the mass of dead wood that hangs on the left side of the pool. At the last moment I manage to check him. For a second he hangs in the current, and I hope that he will pull down stream and kick himself ashore in the shallows. He knows better, and darts for the dreaded white stone. I risk rod and line in a last effort to guide him into the narrow channel that leads into the outer water, but in vain. I am left lamenting the loss not only of the fish, but also of my precious flies.

The last gnat in my book is now brought out, and does all the execution for the next quarter of a mile, and four fish are added to the spoil, whilst numberless fingerlings are returned. A sad misfortune befalls me now. A thick furze bush, fallen from the right bank, rests on its side at the top of a small pool. It evidently forms a desirable hold, since, when on previous occasions I have taken a fish out, I have found it tenanted again shortly afterwards. Further, it could always be safely foretold that the weight of the new inmate would be almost the same as that of his predecessor, that is, within a few ounces of a pound. The position can only be attacked from above, and the cast must be made from mid-stream. So it is possible to clear the bush and yet place the flies in the pool. At last I reach the right spot. The inhabitant is ready, and the fly that he prefers is, of course, the gnat. I follow my usual procedure, and pull him out of the pool into the



Photo.

THE "BLACK HOLE."

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open before he quite grasps the position. Too late he appreciates the importance of the proximity of the friendly bush.

After an exciting struggle I persuade him to approach the net, when suddenly the line comes back and the fish is gone. The hook has slipped from its whipping. . . . I walk some way down stream, and, seated on a convenient ledge on the bank, SEEK CONSOLATION IN LUNCHEON. As my pile of sandwiches grows less so do my spirits rise again, and by-and-by, when I have finished my pipe, I make ready for the fray once more. After an hour of fruitless work, I am driven to the conclusion that the fish will have no fly but the gnat. I change my tackle, putting a single hook on for worming. A few worms are found under the stones on the bank, and before the time fixed for my return I have seven more good fish in my basket. Four of these come from a hole so well guarded that the fly cannot reach it safely.

A fallen tree is stretched from bank to bank, suspended less than 3ft. from the water, whilst above and below thick boughs hang. I let the well-weighted bait roll along the bottom, and by keeping the rod tip low manage to land all the fish safely. But now my time is up, and for all my haste homeward I am still behind time. I have eleven fish, and they weigh nearly 4lb. Now let no man despise these mountain trout because they are small. No fish are so game—a pounder will beat the angler five times out of six—they lead the angler into the finest scenery and the clearest atmosphere; last, but not least, they go to make a delicious breakfast.

R. ROBINSON.

Photo.

#### SEEK CONSOLATION IN LUNCHEON.

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### FALCONRY. . . . A BAD NEIGHBOUR

YEARS ago, when I rented a moor in Argyll, a certain gentleman rented the adjoining one. I had notified my other neighbours that I was flying hawks, and asked them to be merciful to any stray of mine which might appear on their ground. But I had omitted to notify this one neighbour; not that this, apparently, would have made any difference to him or to my hawks, though I had

heard kindly from all the others. One day, after flying a hawk twice (she was a very excellent falcon, and was successful each time), we were weak enough to try her at a third point. She was one of the most beautiful falcons that ever came from the far-famed eyrie of Lundy Island, and John Pells declared that she was one of the best eyess (hand-reared) falcons he had ever seen or trained—and well he might, for though wild and strange to us, she was tameness itself to him. He had hacked and trained her for me.

The following accident happened to her—a not uncommon one, and in my case, I am sorry to say, it ended in the death of this falcon. The season happened to be a very late one for grouse. My dogs stood, and the hawk, which had not been fed up, was willing enough, and mounted and acted splendidly. On my falconer's running in and putting up the grouse—which I was disgusted to see were squeakers, or small ones—down came the falcon, and instantly seized in her claws a grouse no bigger than a blackbird, took it up to the top of a perfectly inaccessible rock, and proceeded to eat it. In a moment down also came a splendid wild tiercel, and cut fiercely at the head of his tame relation, whom he doubtless deemed an intruder on his territory—an offence which is seldom overlooked, and almost always, under similar conditions, produces a fight, with more or less consequent mischief. In an instant the tame hawk also was on the wing, and went at her assailant with the utmost fury and "goodwill." Of course, hawks thus engaged scream loudly, in what I have always called their fighting cry. It sounds almost incredible, but this fine flyer of mine did not exhibit any inferiority to the wild tiercel in the way of flying, and, of course, she was greatly his superior in size and strength. After many ineffectual attempts at grabbing, and furious and hurried stoops that were all too short, the tame falcon ringed up in the most surprising way, and it appeared to me that the wild tiercel had almost had enough of it. Be that as it may, down again came the tame hawk, and, to my astonishment, bound to the wild tiercel, and came down on the rock with him in her claws, both screaming at the top of their voices. I had previously looked around for another falcon, for well I knew to what a distance this peculiar note of the peregrine may travel, and how usual it is to find a pair of falcons together, as it is my conviction that these birds remain paired for life—barring accidents. I was, therefore, not surprised to see a powerful wild falcon, doubtless this tiercel's mate, make her appearance, when, from some-



Photo.

#### LOOKING FOR WORMS.

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where, one of the best-flying wild falcons I ever saw entered into the battle *con amore*. She struck my falcon a blow, apparently on the head, knocking her off the tiercel. They then all three rose in the air; and the two wild ones, taking the matter seriously, one after the other launched repeated stoops at my poor bird (like two greyhounds), finally forcing her to turn tail and make off. I had the mortification of seeing her vanish in the distance, followed up by the unsparing attack of her new-found enemies.

The end of it was this. She was probably driven off for a mile or two, and was afraid to return to my moor (with which she was then tolerably acquainted), and doubtless went supperless to bed. I did not witness the last scene in her life, but I have every reason to believe I have heard it correctly related. The owner of the neighbouring moor was next morning out shooting, and using a brace of setters of the same colour as mine, to which the hawk had been well accustomed. The dogs stood, and the keeper put up a covey of grouse, this time, unluckily, nearly or quite full grown. My lost falcon, which was waiting on overhead, made a fine stoop, caught a grouse, and, fearing no evil, came down with it, in front of this "sportsman." In vain did his keeper, who *did* know of my hawks (for news travels fast in the Highlands), approach his master and tell him that he was sure the hawk was a tame one and the property of his neighbour of Lagoury. Nothing would stop him, and he advanced and shot dead my poor bird on the ground, doubtless regarding him with perfect confidence.

Unluckily, I did not hear of this immediately, and several of us had a long and fruitless search, day after day, for our lost hawk. At last, the well-known old falconer, William Barr, who had not long before been in my service, and then lived in the neighbourhood, sent me word that if I wanted to find my lost hawk I should probably do so at some shop he mentioned in a near village. I went thither, and found that the bird-stuffer had already skinned my bird, and had stuffed her preparatory to mounting. The gentleman who had shot and sent her to him, had actually removed her jesses and bell; so, though I pointed out the marks on her legs where the jesses had been, it naturally was not enough to satisfy the canny Scot who had charge of the job. I have always made it a rule never, if possible, to give up a dead hawk under such circumstances as these, because I think so doing is a very bad precedent. What to do I hardly knew. However, with much reluctance, the man told me the name of the gentleman who had sent her to him.

"Now," said I, "out of this shop I do not go without my property; but, at the same time, I recognise that with regard to her you are between two fires—though blameless. Now, if I can convince you that the bird is absolutely mine, will you let me have it peaceably, or must we go to law about it, for that will be the end of it otherwise? Now, please take the hawk up and spread out her right wing."

"All right," said he, and did accordingly.

"Now," said I; "you will, I suppose, admit that wild hawks do not fly about with iron needles in their feathers?"

"Na!" said he.

"Well, then; look here!" and, taking the second and third long primary feathers in my hand, I soon showed him that each contained a triangular-pointed imping needle, inserted by myself long before with the practice and efficiency of many years.

After enquiring what work he had laid out upon the hawk, and giving him the equivalent and five shillings for luck, I put my poor bird's dishonoured remains into my pocket, and wished the bird-stuffer good-day. My falconer and his gillie were wroth indeed, and declared that they had walked 100 miles in vain after her.

On reaching home, I sent the gillie on horseback to the hawk-slayer, with a letter telling him of the severe loss he had inflicted upon me, that I had repossessed myself of the skin of my dead bird, and requesting that, as, when she fell into his hands, she wore on her legs two straps, called jesses, and a fine Indian hawk-bell, would he be good enough to return these by bearer?

He returned a verbal answer that the hawk was a trespasser and a poacher, and fully therefore deserved her fate to be treated as such. As for the jesses and bell, he treated the application

with contempt. My first intention on this was to apply to him myself; but feeling certain that this would lead to a brawl, I sent my man back again with a note, referring to my former application for my property, of which I now sought the restitution for the second time, and referring him to a word in the English tongue which means one who possesses himself of the property of another unlawfully (vulgarily, a thief). I am sorry to say that the only result of this application was the bell and one of the jesses screwed up in a piece of waste paper. So much for the courtesy and good feeling of this neighbour.

C. HAWKINS FISHER.

## "OH, FALMOUTH'S . . . A FINE TOWN!"

CORNWALL is the English Riviera. The Boots at the hotel told me so. He called it Reveera; but still I knew what he meant. Having spent eight nights within that particular hotel, looking either at the corner grocery from my back window or the United States of America from my front window, I still held my judgment in suspense. Escallonia grows out of doors all winter. The whole thing turns on that. I did not know just what escallonia were, but if they grow out of doors all winter you advertise that you have a winter climate (ambiguous phrase!) and talk about the English Riviera. Whenever I asked for more firing—it was March—or commented timidly on the north-



Photo. ON A MOUNTAIN STREAM: THE LANDING-NET COMES INTO PLAY. Copyright

easter and the snowflakes, people threw escallonia at me. I was pelted with them. This mania for imitating the Riviera can be carried too far; the battle of flowers with nothing but escallonia is a nuisance.

So I came on to Falmouth. Falmouth is still Cornwall, but Cornwall with a difference, and this time there was nothing between my front windows and Africa, save several thousand miles of sea-water. That pretty strip of sea above the big magnolia, between the dusky ilex tops, had an unreal look like a bit of painted canvas. On a clear day, behind the very edge of the horizon, the big liners were moved across, reminding one of the furthest cardboard rabbits in a shooting-booth. With four shots a penny I think I could have dropped them, or at least made them rock nastily. Once, at gloaming, a wicked-looking string of torpedo-destroyers hurried past; six cables apart, I daresay, but making a neat pattern, like wild duck homing to a mere.

Falmouth is a place that wakes up a love for itself in people's hearts; they are mostly sea places that know how to do this. Plymouth is one of them. Drake, you remember, was "dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe." And Falmouth?

"Oh! Falmouth's a fine town,  
With ships in the bay,  
And it's there from my heart  
That I wish I were to-day;  
Oh! I wish from my heart  
I were far away from here,  
Sitting in my parlour  
And talking to my dear!"

I quote from memory this heartsome song. What a lift and swing there is to that word "ships," just from the way it is set. How it seems to ride at anchor in the verse and how proud and tall it is.

I had been there a fortnight before I could agree that Falmouth was a fine town. Then I went sailing. The man who wrote that verse saw Falmouth from a ship's deck. A fine town, indeed! Built on a narrow arm of land which embraces a beautiful sea-loch, making the safest and loveliest land-locked harbour in the British Isles, it should be a fine town. But, if I may be credited, Falmouth wholly misconceives its attractions, and virtually and geographically turns its back upon its own unique charms. The escallonia trouble is rampant. Having, on the sea side of this arm of land, a string of white sandy beaches, very steep, with tons of pale green sea in each wave tumbling upon them, a nice selection of shells, exquisite white gravel of pounded quartz, not forgetting an alarming "back-suck"—it plants its hotels upon a blinding cliff, where in summer the sun fries everything, and in winter the east wind menaces that hardy impostor the escallonia. Here an architect has erected modern lodging-houses with verandahs and other notions about them, where parties "and maid" abide in the care of determined-looking widowed landladies and the aura of acute respectability. From the windows of these houses you can see the vessels bumping on and off the Manacles—average, one a fortnight. During a recent sitting of the Chamber of Commerce the reply of authorities to an oft-repeated suggestion that the Manacles should be more effectively marked—a negative reply—was being read out, when word came that a French barque had been on the rocks the night before and was now towing into harbour. She was not damaged, and when her nerves had calmed down she shook out her pretty skirts and fluttered away, leaving those sea sages at the Trinity House, who doubtless find such coincidences charged with humour, to chuckle behind their tridents.

It is desired to form a cliff drive, arid and blinding white, where at present a secluded and winding path edges some private grounds and burgeoned with euonymus craves the whispers of lovers. Alas! for the poetry of English lives. On a Sunday this walk is choked by bands of free and careless smoking youths and other bands of twittering, motley-hatted maidens, feathered and forlorn.

With these sea beaches, then, persistently facing south, even in winter; a water supply, on which, rightly or wrongly, suspicion has been cast; a Town Council, whose occupation is to discuss the shortcomings of the sewage system, and do little else about it; and the familiar rumour of a typhoid scare—with these well-known and indispensable features of a first-class English watering-place, it is not to be wondered at that Falmouth desires to be a watering-place and nothing else. Of all chuckle-headed aspirations!

Let me get to work and sketch a few of the real charms of the place, muddled away and difficult of discovery as these are. Come down the main street of the town with me—dark, tortuous, and narrow, it is not without interest. Every few doors is a

notable ship chandler's, with flags and beautiful brass binnacles and ships' lamps and patent "logs" and barrels of ships' bread in the windows. A pathetic, mute insistence on the marine character of the little place.

Excellent shops, backing on to the harbour and thus shutting out all its beauty, await those persons sufficiently courageous to brave the station omnibuses which charge down the street at intervals, the hubs of their wheels reaching far over the narrow pavements and causing affrighted females to flatten and spread themselves against the house walls like entomological specimens.

At the Old Curiosity Shop your eye lights on a bottle of ketchup singularly marked. "Ah! that was salved out of the 'Mohegan' that was, and first-class stuff, too," says the shop's owner and chief curiosity, Mr. John Burton, "and her Christmas puddin's," he adds, with conviction, "was capital!" Everyone will remember the terrible fate that overtook the Atlantic Transport Company's magnificent new vessel on the Manacles something over a year ago. There is no wrecking nowadays, but surely a ghoulish flavour would attach to the chop sprinkled with that ketchup.

Without this dark mysterious store (all shops in the main street are in perennial twilight) is a collection of old notice-boards dating back to robuster days than these. "Anyone found trespassing in this orchard will be shot." "Man traps and spring guns." Pretty examples of both may be seen and purchased. An old inn sign has a fine sea smack about it. "The Sailor's Joy." By Nancie Gay. Home-brewed Ale." To be drunk on the premises and smiled on by buxom Nancie Gay! Eh! those were times, my hearties. But choicest of all within, to my eye, were the giant teapots, 18*i.* high, with a little teapot modelled on the lid and on the side, hand-traced upon the clay, some such old sea name as this: "Abel Conch, Polperrow, 1803."

Climb one of the steep step-like streets to the top, and crane your neck somewhat, and there are two or three points from which you can catch a glimpse of the harbour; there is even a terrace, called Clare Terrace, of humble, cold little houses—they would be perfect quarters in the hot Cornish summer—where one of the most beautiful views in England is going on—though nobody seems to know it—all the time. Nobody ever walks there. I once met a man delivering coals, but no doubt he would not have been there unless he had had to deliver coals. No, people in Falmouth prefer to crowd and hustle through the lovers' walk on the cliff or stroll along the peacock avenue which, agreeably enough, surrounds Castle Hill. Why? Because they can see each other. The marvellous marine pageant of the harbour is nothing to them.

Also, by diving down the hills and tunnelling judiciously on the right-hand side of that ill-favoured market street there are certain little abortive wharves where you can stand and wonder at the forest of shipping, "mast overspiking mast"; a dozen four-masted barques; a score of three-masters and schooners; a covey of Lo'stof fishing smacks; half-a-dozen Brittany luggers, 100 tons apiece, and with their crew of forty or fifty tumbling over each other on their decks.

(To be continued.)

## THE TERRIERS OF POLTALLOCH.

HERE we have a gallery of portraits of dogs, all of them the property of Colonel Malcolm, of Poltalloch, concerning which it is a positive pleasure to write. Well can I imagine that the conventional dog-fancier, looking



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

MARA AND SONNY.

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at these terriers, may ask scornfully, "How many breeds went to the making of them?" or that the person of enquiring mind, knowing something of accepted breeds, may wish to know whether they are a white or wheaten-coloured variety of the Scotch or Aberdeen terrier, or, in a word, what they are. Shocking as the statement may seem, heinous as may be the apparent heresy, it must be said in plain words that the answer to these questions does not matter at all. The essential thing, the one thing which really does matter, is that every one of these dogs, Fiorach, Gais Geach, Sonny, Diochel, Marie, Mara, and Righ Bau is a real and indubitable terrier; ready to fight and to kill, or to be killed by, any form of vermin either on the surface of the land, or in the earths that are beneath the surface, or in the water of sea or river or lake. Perhaps they would not meet with approval on the show bench, but it is obvious that a fixed type has been secured, and there is no likelihood of their throwing back to some unknown ancestor. Without ever having seen the dogs themselves, but not without having seen and worked with many of like character and appearance,

without having exchanged a word with Colonel Malcolm, but not without knowledge of the master of here and there a great country house which prides itself upon its strain of terriers, I instinctively know the kind of dog this is, and the kind of pride which its master takes in it. It is the Poltalloch strain, kept for use and not for ornament, to encounter otter and hill fox, and maybe badger also, to say nothing of rabbits and rats and such small deer. Many similar family strains there once were, some of them specially attached to various packs of hounds, and bred carefully upon particular lines. In my youth I seem to have heard of a special stamp belonging to Wynnstan, although the one or two alleged members of the strain that came under my notice were much like the ordinary fox-terrier of commerce, save that they had more bone, but were, it was said, capable of being carried in the huntsman's pocket as he rode. That famous sportsman of the early years of the last century, Sir Robert Vaughan, also had a strain of true fox-terriers, cobby, compact, indomitable, of the prowess of whom many tales were told in the vernacular of Merionethshire, where Sir Robert lived and hunted. Then, by some curious freak of fortune, the terriers of Sealy Ham, which are remarkably like to



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

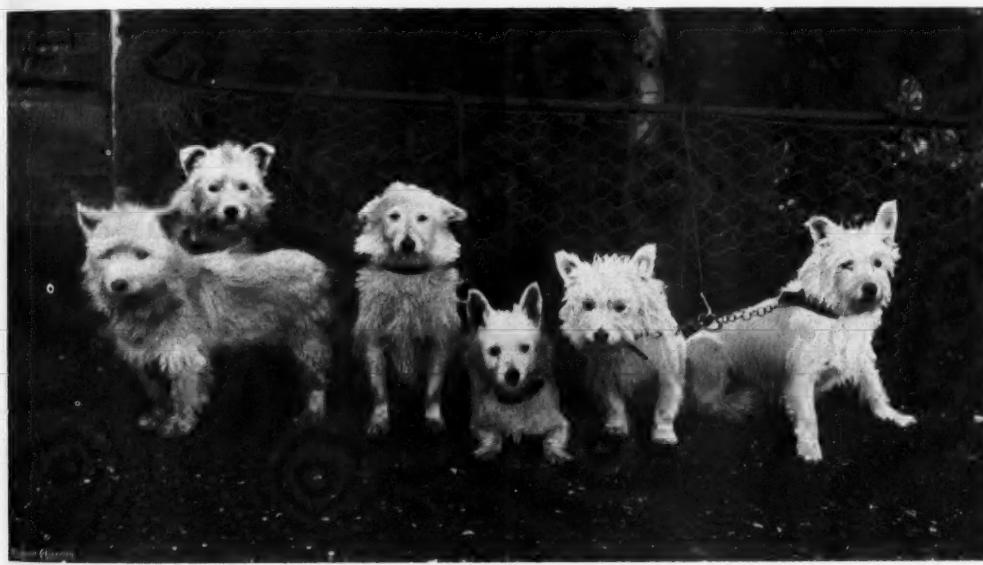
SONNY AND DOICHEL.

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rather under than over 18lb. The late Captain Edwards is said to have been particularly proud of the working capabilities of his dogs, frequently tried with badgers, otters, foxes, and polecats." The statement was certainly true, for better terriers than the Sealy Ham strain do not exist, even at Poltalloch, since it is not possible for a better terrier to exist than a genuine Sealy Ham, although his temper is not always as gentle as might be wished. In all other respects—for Mr. Lee should have added that the Sealy Ham's ears may be pricked on occasion—he and his cousin of far-away Poltalloch might pass under the same description.

Of a surety the Poltalloch doggies would stand a very good chance in the entirely novel class which will be introduced at leading dog shows "when my ship comes in," which will probably never happen, and when some other minor difficulties have been overcome. It will be a class for terriers only, but for all kinds of terriers, and the

entrance to the ring will be over a weighing-table set at 22lb. The dog who weighs more will immediately be banished, the dog who weighs less will be counted honourable in proportion to



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A VARMINT LOT.

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those here depicted, save that they are a trifle shorter in the coat, have found their way to fame.

Look in "The Encyclopædia of Sport" and you will find, at the end of Mr. Fred Gresham's article on various kinds of terriers, a very interesting note by Mr. Rawdon Lee: "There are several other families of terriers which, if they cannot claim, like the foregoing, to be of any recognised variety, have yet proved themselves excellent for sport. In fact, in almost every district one hears of some terrier or other which has made its name famous in connection with the badger, fox, and otter. These surely deserve some notice, when it is considered that they more generally than not are covered with scars which tell of hardships they have endured, of sharp encounters in which gameness alone has saved them from premature death. There is the Sealy Ham terrier, so called from the seat near Haverfordwest of the Edwardses, in whose family, it is said, the variety has been kept for nearly a hundred years. These are short-legged and long-bodied, not unlike the wire-haired fox-terrier as regards colour, coat, and character of head, but more sturdy, and weighing



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RIGH BAU AND MARIE.

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his smallness of size, so long as he is wiry and not weak. All entrants to the ring will also be expected to force their way through the similitude of an earth, and that not too straight, and to prove that they are real dogs and not make-believes, by killing a rat or two *coram publico*. Then, and not till then, would the judge regard the dogs as terriers and set them in order as such, caring not a straw for scars, unless he regarded them as marks of honour, for markings, or for points as such, save teeth, which should be level and strong, and coat, which should be thoroughly workmanlike, and colour, which should be such as to eliminate all risk of hounds mistaking the terrier for an otter in the water, or man mistaking him for a hare in the brushwood. Ears might be pricked or dropped; stumps might be straight or curled or docked, save that they are sometimes convenient as handles when it is desired to drag a dog out from earth or holt; eyes might be of any colour, or of two colours on the same dog. The end would be to find the most workmanlike terrier, the really "varmint," killing tyke, with a spic of the devil in him, and very likely no look of the angel.

Forth into outer darkness would go half the show dogs of the present day, beginning with all the Airedales, and all the bull-terriers, which are about as fairly to be classed as terriers as are small pointers. The Dandies and the Irish terriers, too, would be weeded out not a little, for many of them are far too heavy, and of those that are not too heavy many are too stiff in the bone for the earth test. Of fox-terriers and Irish and Welsh terriers, so-called, many would be excluded by the preliminary conditions, and the balance, saving the Dandies, would simply not have a chance beside the Poltallochs and the Sealy Hams and the whole army of long-bodied and short-legged little demons. Of the Poltallochs the pictures give you the exact spirit. Look how eagerly they await the release of the rat in that "catch-'em-alive-o" trap! See how solemnly they have set to work to dig out that unfortunate rabbit, and how wisely they have divided their forces. Then look at a brace of them on the bench together, Righ Bâu and Marie for choice. Note his pricked ears and alert demeanour; her dropped ears and look of thoughtful sagacity. Observe on both the punishing jaw, the straight wiry legs with their good feet, the pliant but strong neck, the harsh coat, the long body. Note, too, in the group pictures the sinuous curve of body, almost like to that of a wild beast, and then bethink yourself sadly of terriers led round a show-ring by ladies, lead in one hand and steel comb in the other, with ears



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A SCIENTIFIC POACH.

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that have been plucked of half their natural covering, and ponder over the jargon of the dog-show reporter, and be sad. But, perhaps, after all, it is as well that there should be no classes for real terriers at shows, for classes, and the recognition of strains as breeds, mean clubs, and an official settlement of the standard of points, and everything except work. Let us be thankful that Colonel Malcolm, and, for that matter, many other gentlemen besides in England and Wales and Scotland, have these fine old strains and guard them jealously, breeding for character and courage no less than for colour or markings, regarding a white feather in the temperament as an offence to be punished by death, and a black hair in the wrong place as nothing at all, entering them all with the vermin, "first wi' tods, and then wi' brockens," after the tradition of Dandie Dinmont himself.

CYNIC.

## IN THE GARDEN.

THE BEAUTY OF FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS.

THE recent outburst of summer-like weather has brought forth flowers abundantly, and this is the season to make care'ul note of the most beautiful kinds to plant next autumn. There is an endless variety of trees and shrubs with either handsome fruits or showy flowers, and when these are happily grouped in the shrubbery or upon the outskirts of the lawn, the garden receives a fresh interest, and is made charming for all time. We must get away from the eternal repetition of a few things. Other shrubs exist besides Privet and spotty Aucuba, and at this time, when the woodland is fresh with its emerald green and the flowers are open in the meadow, is the season to look further afield and seek out those things from other countries that may be planted

with impunity in these isles. Amongst the Cherries, the Plums, and the Apples many delightful things may be found, and the following is a list of dwarf trees and shrubs that should be discovered if possible in bloom, so that their full beauty may be realised: *Æsculus Brotii*, the best of the scarlet Horse-chestnuts; the *Amelanchier*, or Snowy *Me-pilus*; the large-fruited Almond, *Amygdalus macrocarpa*; *Andromeda floribunda*; hardy *Azaleas*; the *Berberis*; the *Cerasus*, or *Cherry*, especially the lovely double varieties, such as *Watereri* and *J. H. Veitchi*; *Chionanthus* (Fringe-tree); the *Thorns*; *Cydonia* (Quince); the *Brooms*, not omitting the White Spanish; *Daphne Mezereum* (the common *Daphne* or *Mezereum*); the Brush-flower (*Eucryphia pinatifida*); Pearl Bush (*Exochorda grandiflora*); the *Forsythias*; Snowdrop-tree (*Halesia tetraptera*); *Hydrangeas*, including *H. paniculata grandiflora*; *Magnolias*; the *Medlar* (*Mespilus*), and *M. Smithi*, a very charming lawn tree; *Olearia Haasii*; *Pawlownia imperialis*, especially for seacoast gardens; the Mock Oranges (*Philadelphus*), dwarf and otherwise; the double-flowered Sloe (*Prunus spinosa* fl.-pl.); the *Pyruses* (and nothing is more distinct and charming than *P. Malus floribunda*, a delightful shrub in a group); *Ribes*



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ROUGH ON RATS.

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*sanguinea atrosanguinea*, a deep-coloured variety of the ordinary flowering Currant; double Gorse (*Ulex europeus* fl.-pl.), *Veronica Traversi*, Rose Acacia, the Chinese Guelder Rose (*Viburnum plicatum*), and the ordinary Snowball-tree, *Weigela* in variety (the deep crimson-coloured *Eva Rathke* amongst the number), and *Xanthoceras sorbifolia*. This is not a complete list, of course, and does not pretend to be, but it gives an indication of the great wealth of flowering trees and shrubs available for the small garden as well as large domains.

#### DESTROYING QUEEN WASPS.

We were interested in a note in a contemporary referring to the destruction of queen wasps. The writer mentioned that it was practically useless for one or two in a village to take up the work unless it was made a general business, and that it might very well be included in the duties that occupy the attention of parish and district councillors. The writer's garden usually accounts for between 200 and 300 queens, but, despite this, close on 100 nests have to be taken annually, and that within a radius of a little over half a mile, with the garden as a centre. Very little is done elsewhere in the neighbourhood to lessen their numbers, although the representatives of many different trades, as well as gardeners, are loud in their complaints as to the amount of mischief perpetrated.

#### RECENT NEW AND RARE PLANTS.

We know readers of COUNTRY LIFE are always interested in any good new and rare plant of promise for the garden. At the recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society several good things were shown, and each received an award of merit, that is, a sign of their distinctness and usefulness:

*Carnation May*.—This is a border variety of great beauty. It is one of the best kinds we have seen of late years, sturdy, free, and with flowers of great purity. They are absolutely pure white, without trace of colour, the petals broad, and composing a full and even bloom. These came from those well-known Cineraria growers, Messrs. James and Son, of Farnham Royal, near Slough.

*Primula obconica*.—The Marchioness of Breadalbane showed several varieties of this useful Primula, some of purest white, others deep rose, showing how greatly this Primrose varies when an attempt is made to create a new and varied race. Soon we shall have, we hope, as much variety among seedlings of *P. obconica* as in any other indoor flower, and for table decorations and dainty arrangements of all kinds few plants are more serviceable. The foliage of this Primula is hurtful to some skins, but when such is the case, only greater care is needed in handling it. One need not discard a plant for this reason. Seed is raised very easily in spring, and when large enough the seedlings should be potted on in the usual way for greenhouse plants.

*Arabis aubrietioides*.—This is a plant all lovers of good hardy things will treasure. Its growth is like that of the *Arabis*, but the prettily shaped flowers are rose coloured, not a magenta shade happily; thus this *Arabis* will prove useful for rock garden and walls. Miss Willmott of Warley Place showed this, and also

*Iris willmottiana*, which reminds one of *I. orchoides*. The flowers are of bluish colouring, and altogether very distinct and welcome.

*Primula viscosa*, Mrs. J. H. Wilson, from Mr. J. H. Wilson, Handsworth, Sheffield, is a blue form of this species, with white centre, which shows up the general colouring to advantage.

*Berberis congestifolia Hakeoides*.—This is a new shrub, not so handsome as many of the *Berberises*, but quite distinct and new, therefore of value on that account. The flowers are yellow, and borne in small close heads, and star the shoots profusely. A group of it would be pretty, and we look forward to seeing its effect in the garden. Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons of Chelsea showed this Japan novelty.

*Rhododendron Aucklandi*, variety *F. D. Godman*.—This came from that good gardener and enthusiast in the culture of Himalayan Rhododendrons, Mr. F. D. Godman, of South Godstone, Horsham. It is a noble form, with big pyramidal heads of flowers of purest white, with just a suspicion of pink in the florets. Such forms as this bring the Himalayan Rhododendrons still further to the front.

#### THE GORSE IN MASSES.

One of our best-known gardeners sends the following useful and seasonable note about planting the Gorse in masses: "This common British plant needs little description. It is known and admired by everyone, for when seen growing wild where it is thoroughly naturalised, it presents a most charming and picturesque sight. Half-wild patches of land may easily be made ideal spots for this at small expense. During winter the land should be either ploughed or dug, and the seed sown during April either in drills or broadcast, and the seedlings thinned out to a respectable distance during the following spring. When once established, very little trouble will be experienced in keeping the ground well stocked. When the old plants get leggy cut them close to the ground immediately after flowering, and in a short time new growths will break away from the base. The double kind (*Ulex europeus* fl.-pl.) is invaluable for all kinds of ornamental planting. Unfortunately it is very expensive, as it must be struck from cuttings and distributed in pots. Nevertheless it is a most important plant to possess. The flower is of a much brighter yellow colour than the common form, and is produced more freely, lasting a considerable time in perfection. It is quite suitable for forming beds, or making large patches of colour behind rocks and among the fissures of the rock garden. Plant 3 ft. apart in fairly good ground, and about every fifth year prune close to the soil."

#### TETOPHYLLA CYANOCROCUS.

The writer was delighted to see in the Rev. H. Ewbank's garden at Ryde several bulbs of this flower in full bloom. The majority of readers of COUNTRY

LIFE know it as a bulb for frames, as it comes from Chili and is not happy everywhere. The flowers are as blue as, even more so than, the *Gentianella* of the Alps, sweetly scented, and very pleasant to see in the sunshine of April. A well-drained warm soil is essential.

#### EARLY-FLOWERING CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Great strides have been made in recent years with the early-flowering Chrysanthemums, the Japanese kinds in particular, these embracing a wide range of colour and form. They are essentially plants for the outdoor garden, where their flowers make patches of colour when Dahlias and other tender things are cut down by frost. The best plants are dwarf, branching and developing their growth without any interference whatever. Cuttings may be inserted between January and March, while many of the Pompons may be propagated as late even as May. The advantage of early propagation is that larger plants are developed by these means, January cuttings often resulting in plants which will carry over 150 flowers. They should be potted up into pots of various sizes, the last shift for plants intended for outdoor borders being into those 5 in. in diameter. Before planting out, carefully harden off the growths in cold frames and stand them together in batches in a sheltered position out of doors. The third week in May is the

#### BEST TIME FOR PLANTING OUT.

all danger of serious frost being then over. The ground should previously have been deeply dug, but not too much enriched with manure. Plant firmly, and allow a distance between the plants of 3 ft. for the Japanese sort, and the same distance between each row. The Pompon varieties require less space, 2½ ft. between the plants and rows answering the purpose well, while an occasional hoeing of the soil during the summer months will keep weeds in check and sweeten the soil. In very dry weather give water copiously, and a liberal dose of liquid manure after the buds are formed. Dust the soil around the plants with some good concentrated manure in wet weather. It will be needful before the summer has much advanced to insert a stout stake or bamboo cane to support the taller plants. Tie the main stems fairly tight to the stake, and loop up the



THE LAKE AT BURLEY MANOR.

branching growths to it lightly. Disbudding is unnecessary, except in the case of the very free-flowering kinds, and then only partially, otherwise the flowers develop out of character. The early-flowering Chrysanthemums succeed well in pots, those 8 in. across answering the purpose well. As a rule it is best to group several plants of one colour together, but everything depends of course upon the space available.

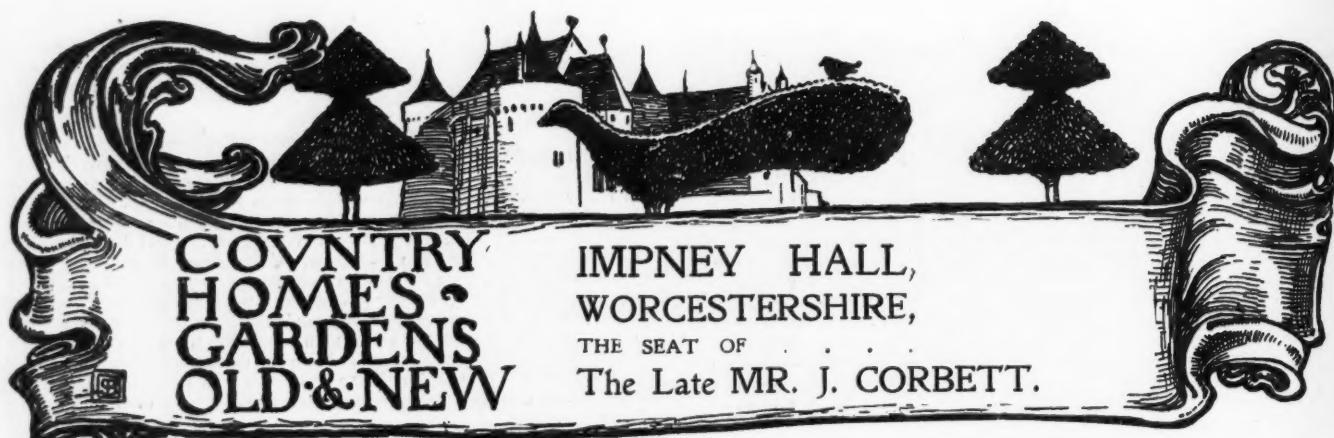
#### THE BEST VARIETIES.

Of the Pompons select Mr. Selby, rosy-lilac; Little Bob, bright chestnut-crimson; L'Ami Conderchet, pale yellow; Yellow L'Ami Conderchet, rich golden-yellow; Blushing Bride, rose-lilac; Bronze Bride, bronzy-rose; Alice Butcher, orange-red; Lyon, rosy-purple; Mrs. Cullingford, white; Miss Davis, blush-pink; Mme. Ed. Lefort, bright orange, tinted red; and Mme. Jollivart, blush white; and if Japanese, from the following: François Viellermé, lilac-rose; Harvest Home, crimson and gold; Mme. Marie Masse, lilac-mauve; Crimson Marie Masse, pale chestnut-crimson; Ralph Curtis, cream; Mme. Eulalie Morel, deep cerise, golden centre; Mme. Casimer Perier, white, tinted pink; Mrs. George Hill, primrose, richer centre; Mychett White, white; Market White, white; Notaire Groz, pleasing mauve-pink; Sam Barlow, bright salmon-pink; Ambroise Thomas, reddish bronze; Mme. la Comtesse Foucher de Cariel, reddish orange; Crimson Pride, deep crimson; Edie Wright, pink; Ivy Stark, orange-yellow; Mme. Desgranges, white; George Wermig, rich yellow; Queen of the Earliest, white; Golden Queen of the Earliest, rich yellow; Ryecroft Glory, bronzy-yellow; and Roi des Précoces, deep rich crimson.

#### THE LAKE AT BURLEY MANOR.

The accompanying illustration tells its own tale. It is a reproduction from a photograph taken in the Burley Manor Estate, near Ringwood, Hants, where Azaleas and Rhododendrons are beginning to colour the scenery. These we shall refer to more particularly on a future occasion.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We are always pleased to assist readers in difficulties concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



**S**OMETHING akin to the regret which Northumberland felt for Lord Armstrong ran through the salt districts of Cheshire and Worcestershire when the death of Mr. John Corbett was announced in the last week of April. He was known familiarly as the Salt King, and if the earth were salted with many others like him it would be a better place to live in. The story of the owner and creator of the splendid mansion and gardens of Impney is typical of much that is best in this country. First, perhaps, the reader will glance at the general effect of the house and gardens and realise the scope and splendour of the ideas of their creator, his taste and knowledge of art, as shown in the kind and calibre of the decorations, the statues, fountains, and terraces of Impney. And, next, a word as to the man. His father was a farmer in Shropshire, who moved from near Ludlow to the Black Country, and became owner of a fleet of boats on the main canals. In this the young John Corbett joined him. When the railways threatened to take away the canal traffic, he and his partner sold their boats and turned their attention to the salt industry, which was then, from want of organisation, in a very bad way. He developed the Stoke Prior Salt Works, in Worcestershire, until they were the greatest in England. Then he turned his at-

tion to the kind of practical help to other people which some successful men find time for. He discontinued female labour in the works, but gave the men the maximum wages, so that they should not feel the loss of the women's wages. In turn he expected the women to make the men comfortable at home, so that they could do a good day's work. Gardens and good cottages at Stoke, and a fine hospital at Bromsgrove, in a mansion once the residence of Rogers, the banker, poet, and *littérateur*, were among the concrete results of his benevolence.

His purchase of Impney was a characteristic act, for it lay close to the scene of his industrial triumphs. It is only a mile from the salt city of Droitwich. The history of the estate is noted for being one of more broken ownership than is commonly known even in counties like Berkshire, and very unusual for a North Country demesne.

Speaking of the manors and places in the parish of Doderhill, Nash, the historian of Worcestershire, mentions that in the days of Edward III. John Talbot was Chief Lord of Urchbold, Elmerugge, Astwood, and of Imeneye—a spelling which may give the clue to the derivation of the name, for "eye" means island all England over. The Talbots continued to be lords for some descents, when their inheritance was divided between two



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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—IMPNEY HALL: THE GARDEN PLAN FROM THE EAST.

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THE FOUNTAIN AND STATUE.

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daughters, one of whom passed her share on to the Lucyces. In the reign of Edward IV., the estates of the Lucyces fell by heirs general to the families of Vaulx and Corbett. But the Corbett held a knight's fee in "Ymeneye," as sub-tenants in the days of Edward I., and in the reign of Henry VII. they held the whole property of Impney and Urchbold. Then it passed to various Droitwich owners, and was purchased by the representative successful Englishman who is just dead, lamented by all good men.

There does not seem to have been a house of any size on the site where he built the present Impney Hall. But not far off was a seat which may well have challenged rivalry. This was

Westwood, the property of Lord Hampton. It was built in the style of the Chateau de Madrid, near Paris, in the days of James I., or as some would say, as a larger Holland House. It was one of the finest seats in the county even in the middle of the eighteenth century. The park of 200 acres was laid out "in rays of planting," from the centre occupied by the mansion. The four wings were added after the wars of the Commonwealth, and the whole forms a noble model for emulation.

On the hill of Impney Mr. Corbett built the splendid rival to the Pakingtons' (Lord Hampton's) house at Westwood. He chose the ornate French Renaissance of Francis I. and

Louis XIII. for style. The design, which is very rich, but not so bizarre or teasing as Waddesdon, suits the site well. It looks what it is, a magnificently built palace, intended to look splendid, and succeeding in that object. The detail of roofs, pinnacles, balustrades, balconies, and pediments is all of high architectural merit, and will be probably as much admired 300 years hence as Wollaton or Kingston House are now. As good examples of this style are uncommon in England, our readers would do well to analyse the "make up" of the façades of the house, the proportions, of walls to windows and of the parts to the whole, and the careful distribution of ornament. There is all the difference between this and Early English Renaissance that there is between French Louis Seize furniture and Chippendale. But both are excellent and should be appreciated.

The gardens, which slope down from the house to the valley, were dealt with in the same elaborate fashion. A lower and upper lake were made, and divided by a pretty waterfall. When the house was built in 1880, the works of art with which Mr. Corbett filled



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the interior were matched by those outside. The busts on the steps and terraces are all fine works, the statues good enough for the galleries inside, and the bronze fountain on the terrace good enough for Versailles. Here the princely kind of garden matches the sculpture, and an exquisite setting of

flowers makes the appropriate background for the white marble figures on the terraces. The terraced gardens immediately in front of the mansion are filled during spring and summer with a great variety of flowering plants and a fine collection of specimen conifers. These add greatly to the effect of this part



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THE DISTANT POND.

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of the ground. Immediately below bold masses of azaleas, rhododendrons, berberises, and flowering trees lead to the lakes and cascades. The lern dell is one of the features of the garden. It is one of the most cool, refreshing spots in England. Formerly it was a natural large hollow in the ground, where common British ferns grew. Then a roof was erected over the dell, and the interior was at once transformed into a sub-tropical rock garden. Great boulders were set off on the sides, and among the tree ferns dwarf ferns and ferns of all kinds and species flourish as if in a New Zealand valley. The rose garden is full of interest. Many of the varieties grown there are on their own roots. A new rose garden was recently added. The herbaceous

borders are exceptionally fine. In the height of summer hollyhocks, lilies, wild roses, peonies, larkspurs, and all the recognised and most effective flowers keep up a continued splendour till the frost comes to kill the last Michaelmas daisies in autumn. Bananas and pineapples are cultivated there with great success, and the hardy fruit growing against the walls has demonstrated what possibilities Worcestershire has for this form of industry.

In the architectural features of the garden, the good effect of the white marble busts on grey balustrades, contrasting with the Irish yews which mark the steps and gradations of paths and terraces, is remarkable. The balustrades of stone on brick-wall bases are also most effective.

Large-leaved foliage plants are bedded out in great quantities, and mixed freely with the brilliantly-coloured geraniums and begonias.

## A VILLAGE RECORD.

**B**ETWEEN the white high-gabled farm and the ring of the wooded hills lies the church, flanked by the old yews from which the yeomen of past centuries cut the wood for their bows. The village people concern themselves little with its history or origin, and even the churchwardens themselves have probably never looked into the crabb'd records left by their predecessors; but such "churchwardens' accounts" of every old parish are full of quaint details and interesting sidelights on bygone conditions of life in times of peace and war, before the railways came, or the preservation of foxes, or the new poor laws. They best reflect the life of the time if the parish lies upon some important highway from one part of the country to another; then the old records, like those of this church under the woods, are full of curious notices of relief



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STEPS ON THE TERRACE.

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granted to "poore people with a Pass" from village to village home, or at the time of the wars to "three seamen that was taken by the Dutch," or to parties of soldiers tramping home from the seaports. This particular volume begins with the year 1728, and so is not so old as many in other places; but the entries are still written in the crabbed elaborate mediaeval character, and the several items of the disbursements, or, as the honest farmers preferred to write them, "disburstments," are often very quaintly spelt and expressed, phonetically reproducing the characteristics of the broad Western pronunciation that in the last generation have in so large a degree died out. The commonest entries during the first century covered by this old book are those relating to payments made to strangers travelling with a pass, or "lawfull Sertificate" as one worthy has styled it, and those for the extermination of vermin, chief among which, though the parish now lies on the border of the two famous hunting countries, stands the fox, with a price on his head. Sometimes the same entry includes, with bloodthirsty effect, both the one class and the other, as: "Paid for a badger and six passengers one and six," which, following an item concerning "foxes and other vermins," at first suggests appalling possibilities for the wayfaring stranger. The customary blood-money for a fox seems to have been

a shilling, though about 1736, one Thomas Tombs (a shrewd man he) secured them at six for five-and-sixpence, and even on one occasion nine for seven shillings. The more inoffensive badger was only rated at fourpence or sixpence, a hedgehog, on the average, at twopence, though in 1737 the gallantry of one churchwarden, that same shrewd Tombs who bargained for the foxes, led him to pay fourpence for one to "Mary Daniell." In those years the rocky woods of the parish still harboured the polecat; for among the first entries occurs: "Item for a polecat, a fitchar, and twenty-seven hedgehogs, seven and threepence." The mention of the polecat and the "fitchar" side by side is incidentally curious, for they are only different names of the same animal; perhaps one of them covers the true wild-cat or the beech marten, for the rustics are still much confused in their naming of beasts and birds. The last payment for a badger was made in 1750, for a fox some dozen years later, while the perfectly harmless hedgehog was prohibited till the year before Waterloo.

Through all the time of the French wars the greater number of "passengers" are entered as soldiers or sailors, and among these the sailors are much in the majority; the port of Bristol lies away at the end of the high road that passes through the village. Some other entries that deal with the war are noticeable and interesting. In the year 1803 the sum of two shillings is debited for "Two prayers for the war," and the same amount for "Two books for the General Fast." Then in 1806 comes a related glimpse of Trafalgar itself: "June 5th, paid for two forms of prayers for Nelson's victory," two shillings, and again the same sum for a "General Fast." They were leisurely times; nearly eight months passed between the day of the victory and the purchase of these forms of thanks-

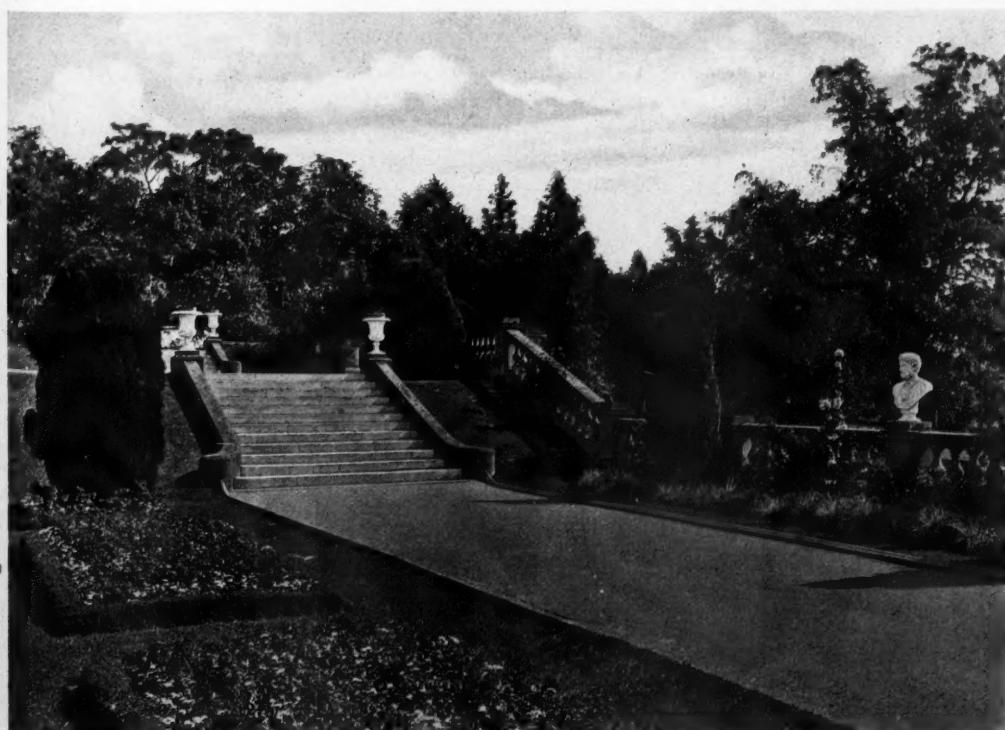


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THE NORTH FRONT.

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giving. After the end of the war there is no more mention of sailors or soldiers among the passengers relieved; they are mostly women with children, though on one occasion a shilling was paid to "a man with fits," as well as eightpence to a parishioner "for looking after ditto." Such epileptic visitations, one can imagine, must have caused the churchwardens considerable heartburning when they occurred perhaps only some few hundred yards within the parish boundary on the highway. Within the church the King's Arms, framed and blazoned, have hung above the door time out of mind, as is still the custom in country places, and no one in the village would now know anything of the date of their being placed there; but the churchwardens have entered them here, in the last years of the eighteenth century, with the three guineas they cost them. They are still flanked by two long wooden Benefaction tables, recounting in gold letters various pious gifts of annual doles and silver "flaggons" to the poor and the church, and these were erected a few years later as both an acknowledgment, no doubt, of past benefactions and a possible stimulant to similar charitable enterprise. Considerable sums, too, were expended on a sundial, which still slants above the black and ancient door with its enormous key, and on a "canopy for the use of the minister at funerals," which has, on the other hand, vanished into limbo. There are entries, too, for "washing of the surplus," and "Ditto, mending"; the "Clarck's attendance" is a considerable item, and the "swipchimleys" had to be summoned when the flues of the old women in their almshouses got foul, and the "pargeter," or tiler, when the rain came through. What with one thing and another, the churchwardens needed to be men with a ready turn for business, no mere bucolics, even in ordinary years; but the time came when there was need for the rebuilding (it was not called restoring then), not only of the "Little Isle," the small south aisle, which antiquarians say was the nucleus of the whole building, but of the whole east end as well. For this purpose a large quantity of freestone, Bath stone as it is called, had to be procured from its native quarries, and the method of transport adopted throws an interesting light on the difficulties of the days before railways, for rather than go to the expense of hauling direct from the Bath quarries—a long distance—it was arranged that the stone should be first delivered at Bristol, then go a great circuit by water, down Avon and up Severn, and then round by one of the tidal creeks, or "pills," to a market town in the vale, and so finally arrive at the village from the opposite point of the compass, but with a land journey reduced by some three-quarters. Even so the cost of the stone itself, and "freight of same," and "halling on shoar," and "wharflage for landing same," made up a terrible outlay, more than the death-money of all the foxes and hedgehogs in the woods. Sometimes the churchwardens seem to have included a list of the moneys collected by them from the goodwill of the parishioners on account of the curious authorised begging letters, entitled briefs, which in those days flourished. In one early year contributions were raised for more than a dozen of these charitable



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IMPNEY HALL: PART OF THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ends, which seem to have included chiefly the building or rebuilding of churches and the alleviation of distress caused by fire; and it is noticeable that the more purely secular needs seem to have excited a far warmer response than the ecclesiastical. To "Dudley Church," for instance, the parishioners felt moved to offer no more than fourpence, while nearly thirteen shillings were raised for "Blanford Forum Fire," and two shillings even for far-away Aberbrothock Harbour, famed in song.

## HABITS . . . OF GAME.

ONE of the most enthusiastic game preservers in the world once told me that he took far more pleasure in the proper preservation of his game than in his own shooting of it, or that of his friends. He was a man who likewise made pets of dogs and treasures of his guns, but he did not kill game in the sense that the modern generation understands the word. He would go out upon his moors and slay half-a-dozen grouse with one of many guns, all the outcome of much amateur thought and as much professional skill as Boss, Beesley, Lancaster, Atkin, or Holland could bestow. Yet he never seemed to make a bag like other men do with equal chances and equal guns and dogs. The reason was that he was a game preserver before he was a sportsman, and walked up to his dogs with a divided mind, keen enough when the whirr of wings called out savage nature, but until then planning some scheme for improving the moor, or changing the blood of the grouse, or possibly altering the face of the lowlands with a string of duck-ponds. I knew another sportsman who had the most lovely natural harbour for ducks that was ever seen, and he made a private preserve of this little bay in the sea. I believe that by some old title given "before the memory of man" he had a right to turn off trespassers in boats, but whether this was so or not, this little bay was a perfect preserve for all sorts of wildfowl, more thickly populated than any covert in his county was stocked with pheasants. But this preserver had a positive aversion to seeing his ducks killed, although there was no semi-domestication about them. They were, however, his own. Few owners of land can say as much about the wildest fowl that flies, but they were his when at rest on the sea; his, also, when at night they flew inland to feed in his bogs, where, upon any day, a fine sprinkling of belated ones might be found, sometimes getting up singly or in pairs no wilder than the snipe, and making the most beautiful sport that ever induced a man to ignore prospective rheumatism and plunge in the trembling or splashing bog after the most fascinating of all game birds. It was an ideal shooting place, a place where I have killed right and left at woodcock; right and left at snipe; right and left at woodcock and pheasant, and also at woodcock and snipe. Twenty to thirty couple of cock were not unusual to three or four guns, besides as many pheasants, and more rabbits; and all of them shot over spaniels, animals that required a whipper-in or two to keep them in the neighbourhood of the guns, but were in that thick covert a necessity. Spaniels that hunted within gun-shot would never have put up a tenth part of the game, for their "breaker" certainly could not get into the stuff to be with them. The way ducks were often got (when they were permitted to be shot) was to stand at some likely spot between the sea and the bog just after dusk, when if the light saved and the wind was in the

right quarter many a duck fell victim. Those natural driving shots I, for one, always found so very much more difficult to bring off than driven grouse or partridges. But then I never could shoot in the dark, and that is an accomplishment that some men can manage beautifully. Why I cannot I have never been able to make out, for sometimes I have been very much better in good light than the men who leave me nowhere when it is only just light enough to see your game.

Here is an instance of the difference: We had been having pigeon shooting from the traps, at blue rocks, brought down from London to a country house where there was some time to be killed. There were three competitions, two of which I had won, and the third was double rises, and it was dark almost. When my last turn came, I had to kill one to win. The birds had been good, and I imagined that I might at least get one bird. Out came two white ones; one flopped away quartering to the left, the other to the right; there was my chance—white birds against a dark background, but I missed both, handsomely, and whenever I have missed, as I nearly always do in the dusk, I invariably recollect the two white birds that put me out over thirty years ago. I have tried shooting at a fixed spot a long distance ahead, I have also tried going with the game or swing, and have tried "jerk" also, and have at other times shot dead on; but it is all the same, the game which I anxiously search for—it is not easy to catch a sight of it again after it has been lost during the shot in the dusk—it is never there, and my retriever is disgusted as well as I. Possibly this sportsman's paradise gave me a taste for wildfowl beyond the experience of most people, and that is perhaps why I think so much of the modern fashion of hand breeding ducks, about which I had something to say last week.

It is a curious fact about semi-domesticated wild ducks that they have no objection to almost anything which was poison to those of the decoy men. No gun was allowed near a decoy; no dog, except the decoy men's assistant, which lured the ducks to broken necks in the narrow end of the pipe; and no man was allowed to show himself anywhere near this murder pond. But the semi-domesticated ducks like the men because they feed them, do not mind dogs because they can swim out of the way, and if a gun is shot off too close to them they do but fly round and settle again. Indeed, it is quite as well to teach your ducks not to mind the sound of a gun; especially is this so, if your ponds are close together, and on shooting days the guns between the two, or more, have to be placed near enough the water to startle the ducks into flight. By far the best sport can be obtained when the shots do not over-much frighten the ducks, because when they do so some birds will be certain to depart to more quiet quarters, and from there perhaps never return.

Lord Leicester is of opinion that pheasants can be driven anywhere, but ducks can only be driven to and from the ponds they know. If anything further is attempted, off they go, and probably are lost for good, and certainly for that day. To have great sport with ducks it is necessary

to drive them over guns placed between ponds which they regard as sanctuaries, and if they are not shot at on the ponds themselves, but only between them, they do not in the least lose their fondness for home. Unlike the wild-bred ones which a gun-shot will send out of the parish or county, they are birds which cannot be driven away as long as they are properly treated. Nevertheless, twenty-four hours of neglect in the winter when ice is over their water will disperse them all. At this time it is necessary to break ice for them in the shallow parts, and to feed heavily. I have seen a keeper hammering ice from



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INSIDE THE PALM-HOUSE.

"C.L."



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IMPNEY HALL: THE BROAD TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the bank in order to break it for ducks, but a good boat on the water will save lots of trouble, because one only has to get in and rock the boat, by alternating the weight of the body first on the right and then on the left leg, for the ice to break up a long distance away. In fact, more can be done from a boat by this means in an hour than could be done in a day by half-a-dozen men with poles. It is only the application of hydraulic power in the most simple manner.

A greater difficulty occurs later in the year when the birds begin to look out for nesting-places. Then they will travel a long way to find seclusion, and the more ducks there are on the water the further away will the laying ducks go for their nests. This habit of wandering defeats the gamekeeper's intention when that happens to be to breed the forthcoming young under hens, so as to avoid the chances of destruction which the wild duck herself is sure to run. The great object should be to induce the ducks to lay close to the water, where their nests are easily found, and the only way to ensure this is to make nice nests, well protected, in the coverts, hedgerows, and long grass or rushes that may be in the neighbourhood, and introduce a duck's egg or a sham egg into each. Many of these will be taken possession of by the ducks, which will visit the nests some time, and perhaps many times, before they begin to lay and cover over the sham egg, as if they had taken possession, probably to prevent it being found by others. When they go as far as this, it is certain that sooner or later there will be eggs in that nest. This plan saves keepers much labour, as it is a small matter to visit a hundred or two nests made and selected by hand, but a very giant task to hunt up the same number made by the ducks themselves, in all the most unlikely places, over some square mile or two of country. This is a far better plan than penning the ducks, and does not, like that system, involve clipping their wings. In any case a good many ducks will get away where their eggs cannot be found,

but, if they survive the foxes' nightly hunt, they will bring home their young all safe enough, and will teach them to be just as much as themselves semi-domestic—a term which in respect of wild ducks only means that the birds have lost their fear of man.

The greatest success in rearing will be made where the ducklings are most widely distributed in the pens. Young game-birds of all kinds, even young grouse, live mostly upon insect-life, and the fewer mouths there are therefore to the acre, the more insects will fall to each. It is necessary to feed the young pheasants for the first few weeks in a manner that will supply a good substitute for this insect-life. The reason is, that in Nature the old pheasant scratches for the young, and when artificially reared the products of this scratching are missed. The ducks, however, find their food by searching the surface, and they do this as well without the mother duck as with her, so that if they have range enough there is no occasion for any other food than meal of one kind or another. If they get plenty of insect-life they will not eat much meal; if they do not they will thrive upon it all the same; so that they are the easiest birds to rear of any, just as they are the most thoroughly satisfactory to bring down out of the blue sky after they are reared, and when, in October or November, they have got their full winter plumage, and swing and swerve over the guns as no other bird but a duck and a teal can. Ducks are at any time much less speedy than fully-grown teal, especially against a wind, but, on the other hand, they take twice the killing when they are hit. Then there is another beautiful feature about wild duck, and it is that the more they are driven the higher they fly, whereas a partridge or a pheasant when flushed a third or a fourth time generally flies lower and less far each time. It is quite easy to tire out game-birds by driving them about, but it is impossible to tire wild ducks, and altogether I think them by far the most satisfactory birds to breed to add sport and value to lowland manors.

ARGUS OLIVE.

## PHEASANT FARMING.

THE most profitable form of poultry-growing at the present moment is undoubtedly pheasant farming. It may be safely said that no other business dependent entirely on the eggs and produce of birds is ever maintained on the same area permanently, and with success. The permanence of the larger establishments, such as Robbs's great game farm near Liphook, is perhaps the best guarantee that the business does pay. But there is abundant evidence on all sides. It is done by persons of all degrees and capacities; incomes of from £100 to £300 a year are earned by more or less capitalist amateurs; and in parts of Buckinghamshire, Herts, and Surrey pheasants are kept by small farmers, tradesmen, and cottagers, either to rear the young, or, more often, to sell the eggs. The demand is constant and increasing. If trade remains good, and the new taxes do not eat too deeply into incomes, we may expect every year to add to the area of artificially-stocked woodland. At the same time, on many estates where only a few birds were reared from wild eggs, birds are now raised on a gigantic scale from bought eggs. Ten thousand, even fifteen thousand, birds are now turned out on some properties. That is why the prices for eggs keep high. There has been practically no reduction for early eggs since the business began.

It is one of the few forms of business which can be begun on a small scale and successfully worked up without risk of loss. Provided there is a railway near, and anything like a game-preserving country adjacent, the first start can be made without doing more than write letters offering eggs or birds to the local owners or renters of shootings. Keepers like to buy their eggs of the same dealers who sell meal and pheasant food, because they get a commission on both. But in any case a start can be made by communicating directly with the owners of shootings, and many keepers are keen enough on results to prefer to get as many eggs as possible for their money. By the time a man has managed a pheasant farm long enough to run the business on a large scale, he wants no hints for management; but the following will be of some service to amateurs starting the business next season.

Let them first settle how many hen pheasants it is intended to make a start with, and obtain the stock from any good pheasant breeder in August or early September. They are then not too wild to pen, and settle easily. The cocks may be kept separate until they are wanted in the spring. They will not fight until the breeding season, but may persecute the hens



IN THE PENS.

if left with them. During the winter the larger the run allowed to the hens the better; if they can have an old walled garden, so much the better. But the wings must then be clipped once a month at least, or they will fly over the wall. For this they can be caught on the perch. Do not pinion them, as they are then no good to turn out if wanted. If the pen is covered, make it just high enough for a man to walk about in without stooping uncomfortably. Give the birds one or two good heaps of turf—peat moss is as good as anything—to dust in, clean water, and plenty of green food, and board the pen at least 3 ft. all round. Remember that dogs and cats look on pheasants as wild birds, and will kill them when they would not think of touching a hen or a duck.

This permanent large pen should only be used for the winter. In March all the birds should be separated, and put on fresh ground, five hens with one cock. The eggs are less likely to be damaged so, and if the cock takes to egg-eating, or any of the hens develop this propensity, it does not spread beyond the small area of the single pen. Something depends upon the site, both as to soil and aspect, on which these pens are placed, and for the subsequent rearing it is all-important. The worst possible soil is clay of any kind. In clayey districts, like High Suffolk or Essex, the low valleys by the small streams are generally loamy, and if the pheasant farm is necessarily in such a district, it should be on this loam, or on the brick earth usually to be found somewhere near. In a fairly dry year birds will do very well in such places. Poor, sandy, gritty soil is not good either. It does not produce insects, and is not a disinfectant. Far the best is the light sandy loam of the Surrey hills and

valleys, or the chalky "brash" mixed with stones, such as that found on the hillsides of Buckinghamshire and Herts. The edge of the typical Surrey hillside, with its anthills, rabbit turf, long grass, thyme, and pine trees, is almost perfection. The spring pens should be movable, from year to year. For this buy a number of wattle hurdles, and trace out rectangles, such as will be covered by the width of three hurdles set up on end at either end, and five hurdles on the side. Have posts driven in, and cross bars, fix the hurdles to these, and have one properly secured as a door at the end. Nail tarred canvas over one and place it as a shelter on the top, and cover the rest of the top in with wire, put two or three perches across, and make a shelter, preferably of boughs sloped up like a long tent to a cross pole, of the branches of spruce fir. The birds will lay under these, or drop their eggs promiscuously on the ground. These must be picked up as soon as possible, the pens being often visited. Feed the birds well, on crissel, boiled potatoes, barley meal, boiled cabbage, nettles, onions, rice, and scraps from the house, and give all the green food possible. Ring-necked pheasants are far the most prolific, and are most easily reared. The pheasant is naturally prolific. The following instance, from Mr. Horne's work on pheasant keeping for amateurs, is by no means exceptional: "Towards the end of July, 1885, some eggs of the common pheasants were given to me, which had been found in mowing some late clover. These were hatched on August 12th. I reserved five hens, and placed them with an adult hen and a young cock. They began to lay next year on April 14th, and up to June 25th, 1886, had laid 248 eggs. They continued to lay till the second week in August, by which time they had produced over seventy eggs each. The eggs up to June 25th went to a friend. The remainder I set, and hatched at the rate of twelve, and even fourteen, birds out of every fifteen eggs." There is a great prejudice against late eggs. The present writer does not share it, but, as his experiments are only those of one year, he cannot venture to contradict general experience. The standard prices of eggs month by month may be learnt by consulting any egg dealer's list. It must be remembered that the eggs are almost a nett profit.

Rearing has risks and liabilities of a different kind. It is expensive, and needs a commercial knowledge of where to place and when to sell the birds at best advantage. All that can be said here is to point out some of the less obvious liabilities, referring the reader to ordinary works on rearing, and supposing him to have the sense to employ women's labour—good and inexpensive, in the preparation of food and feeding.

The birds raised will either be sold for turning down to increase the head or make up for losses on estates in August, or cocks will be sold later for turning out for the same purpose. Lastly, hens will be kept through the winter to sell for spring stock, or for breeding from in pens. The cost of feeding must be calculated in each case, and the prices adjusted to cover it, or a loss may easily be made. Nothing but experience shows the very considerable margin of difference between expensive and inexpensive feeding. A word should be said as to the advantage enjoyed by the "gentleman farmer" in this line. The pheasant farmer, or game farmer, to use the wider title, ought to be absolutely above suspicion. He is dealing in an article which, to use a time-honoured phrase, ought to be produced by gentlemen for gentlemen. Anyone writing to him for eggs, or for birds, ought to be absolutely free from any misgivings as to how they were come by. Unfortunately there are at present many "bad lots" in the business, men who are receivers of stolen goods, in the naked and literal sense of the word. These men it should be the object of the trade in general to get rid of, or to make things so uncomfortable for them that it will not pay to receive stolen eggs. It would send up the pretensions of the whole body, for thousands of possible purchasers feel now a certain reluctance to buy. The means to "weed" the business of its shady members are simple enough. If some form of incorporation were agreed on and obtained, the illegal practitioners would soon be posted by the committee, who could at the same time guarantee to the rising game associations that their members were reliable. The secretary of the Norfolk Game Association has already established an understanding something on these lines with members of the trade. At present the Norfolk Game Association members undertake not to buy eggs without informing their secretary. He in turn has secured the co-operation of a number of game farmers, who undertake to allow inspections of their stock, and to account to the association for the eggs actually laid on their farms. The produce is then labelled, "Inspected and recommended by the Norfolk Game



W. A. Rouch.

FEEDING THE BIRDS IN A RIDE.

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Association." It is not too much to expect that buyers elsewhere than in Norfolk should either form associations, or consult the Norfolk one as to whom they should buy eggs from. The examples of barefaced plunder given by the secretary in the *Field* are too bad for words. Seventy boxes were conveyed from Norfolk to one game dealer. "Glass, with Care," is the usual label. Game eggs sent from Bury last year were consigned to a dealer in Wales. Clearly there is plenty of organisation on the wrong side. C. J. C.

## A GENTLE CRAFTSMAN.

**M**Y friend had twice hooked me; the parson had risen to a March brown, and in fact been hooked; but I failed to land, thus losing the only chance of an overflowing creel. For some hours we had been sowing the wind with flies. The busy nut-brown water of the ripples barely wetted the stones, and could not hold a trout. The pools, that had been glass all day, were changed to silver by the great splendour of twilight; over them now and then waivered a flash as of swords unsheathed for a moment, where the large trout leapt. (Yet the biggest fish of the season had just been landed below us by a clothes-line and a rod like "the mast of some great amiral.") The rise and fall of the green heart, the tossing of the silk as it evolves a perfectly straight line out of subtlest curves, always exert a kind of sorcery, to which your own silence ministers, amid all the jewel and blossom of summer in the grass and air. In this twilight the sorcery is reinforced. The mere excellence of casting achieved by that time of day encourages you to go on. And when you stop—perhaps to change a fly—you are too deep in the enchantment to resist.

It had been a day that made us all more than happy, as if it were the beginning of "the world's great age." It was well to be there, as we were—

"If the dream lasts 'twill turn the age to gold."

The twilight was peculiarly fine. A casual passer-by would have detected the hum of gnats, the liquid whisper of poplars, the far-off sea speaking in muffled under-breath, or the snapping sound of bats. We, ourselves, had noticed them at first, and yet, without ceasing, they had mingled and combined with the orchestral silence of summer. Along with the night a mist was coming, and through it the moon and stars were white. We were casting all the time mechanically, dreamily. Overhead we could hear the lost, mournful voices of plovers that wandered invisible. Insects grew horribly bold, and stayed to be crushed by the hand that was meant to drive them off. The bats came closer and closer—some of them followed our flies in the air—one, indeed, hooked itself and fell. For a short time there was something diabolic in the air, in the shapes around us, and in the fancies that came. Was there not an elvish leer traced on the silver bark of the birch we passed just now? I confess that when a thought of the outer world did come, it was heartily to wish ourselves at the Three Dragons. There was a sense of stealthy preparation in the silence. There might be ghosts abroad, or something fearful was happening near at hand. Or were we come suddenly on fairy-land?

"This is the fairy land—  
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites."

As if we had passed into a strange land. We really seemed to be suspected by the things around, for the cattle stepped gradually up to our side, sniffed us, and would not be repulsed. I could scent the fume of a pernicious and alluring herb. Now and then, as before, a fish rose. We longed for the splash to linger, so haunting was the silence become.

A home-returning miner came to our release, and we were glad of his company for a mile. He, too, had observed "something funny" in the air just there. "Tis the ale at the Three Dragons, I'm thinking," was his conclusion, as he left.

As a fitting anodyne to our experiences, we determined to call on Captain Rowland, a worshipful old man, and master of the gentle craft, who lived near in a great house in a wood, where he cheated *enam* with some choice books and a cabinet of tea cups.

"With antic shapes in China's azure dy'd."

The house, indeed, we found, but the Captain was gone. We had forgotten that it was five years since our last meeting. The walls of the garden were levelled and overgrown with moss, the famous "little red apples" were still unpicked. Ivy had dislocated the masonry, and towered above the chimney in a gloomy pavilion of unbrage and flower. The house itself was a possession of nettles. Nothing remained save the superb ancestral turf, whose inconspicuous beauty—like the Captain's antique courtesy—had grown up in the family seat, as the result of peaceful centuries that scarcely raised an echo in the world.

In the village I learned that he was dead. It was hard to learn more, for he was generally loved, and his gamekeeper, who knew him best, could not speak of him without distress.

He lived a bachelor in the great old house until he died. At home, he was a sharp-tempered, indolent, yet always occupied man, with rosy carbuncled face, who swore freely. It was easier for him to forget than to forgive. "Who could love one that never made an enemy?" was a favourite question of his, to which an answer was not expected. I have noticed also that those who suffered oftener by his temper loved him best. Yet he was not, in the ordinary sense, a generous man; his charity began and ended at home.

For days together he would sit in one room, smoking over theology, night-capped, slumped, wearing a waistcoat whose folds were a diary of years past in vigorous hieroglyphics. Into this faded room he used to summon his household before the dinner-hour, when he read aloud to them—an odd solemnity—a passage from the "Newgate Calendar" in a stormy bass voice. At the more terrible parts the maids were asked to conceal their faces. "Amen," he bellowed, at the end. "Amen," whispered the trembling assembly. "And now, if you like, you can go to church," was his valediction on Sundays.

He was seldom abroad, save to fish, and out of doors he was metamorphosed. He then invariably wore black clothes, a tall silk hat, and a white cravat. His attitude was in accord. He would sit, amid the Hosannas of jubilant Nature, as summer passed into the land, like an old tree beside the stream, like a figure in a frieze.

"With marble men and maidens overwrought."

Whilst fishing he never spoke a word, nor would he accept society, though the most sociable of men. "Fishing is fishing," he used to say, elliptically. Youthful and feminine anglers he gravely hated; the latter, I think, because they sometimes laughed aloud in their triumphs. According to the Captain, whatever the *casus belli*, war was declared against fish. The rules of warfare must be obeyed. You must play the game as if (or, the Captain said, "because") your opponents were intellectual and moral creatures. A fish accidentally hooked him returned to the water; and yet, I admit, it was his glory to pull the same out again by fair play. It was significantly whispered in the neighbourhood that unless Captain Rowland was out no fish would be caught.

His only fault was his scorn of the "Compleat Angler." "The old liar," he exclaimed; "but," he said, softening, "a setter of night-lines is beneath contempt." Secretly, I believe, he loved the book. Only he would not countenance the man who was first a lover of the picturesque, and merely, in the second place, an angler. "There are too many of them," was his opinion; "besides, they pick my daffodils and ruin the fruit trees when they ask leave to sit in the orchard and hear the nightingale."

I loved the man for certain invaluable delusions, which formed his philosophy, and, being one of the poor objects of his scorn, I am grateful to him for taking me to many a delicate place, on the whistling moors—under the woods, in "the morning world's fresh gold," or when the noonday heat de rauds the lilies of their dew—and in the meadows beside the still waters.

## A BOOK OF THE DAY.

**F**ICITION has not this many a day provided anything so full of interest and fascination as the story of Alfred Dreyfus, which he has put together under the title of "Five Years of My Life" (Newnes). It is not written with much art, and, indeed, consists to a great extent of letters, but from that very cause it gains in verisimilitude. To the average English reader, perhaps, its most extraordinary feature is the way it brings home the fact that the most barbarous mediævalism still survives in the French system of law and the treatment of criminals. The *Juden-hatze* is ignored by Dreyfus, who does not even mention his Hebrew descent, but it accounts for much of the bitterness directed towards him, and also for the splendid pertinacity with which he struggled through his misfortunes. A few extracts will show the general drift of the book. Take, for instance, the following account of the apprehension of Dreyfus, and the trickery and treachery by which it was tried to worm out of him something incriminating:

"After a few minutes of trivial conversation, Commandant Picquart conducted me to the private office of the Chief of the General Staff. My surprise was great upon entering. Instead of meeting the Chief of the General Staff, I was received by Commandant du Paty de Clam in uniform. Three persons in civilian dress, who were completely unknown to me, were also present. These three men were M. Cochefert, Chief of the Secret Police, his secretary, and M. Grilelin, Keeper of the Records. Commandant du Paty came up to me, and said, in a trembling voice, 'The general is coming; whilst you are waiting, as I have a letter to write and have a sore finger, will you kindly write it for me?'

"However singular this request, made in such circumstances, I at once assented. I sat down at a little table already prepared, and Commandant du Paty seated himself close to me, following my hand with his eye. After first directing me to fill up an inspection form, he dictated to me a letter, in which certain passages recalled the letter of accusation, which I heard of afterwards, and which was known by the name of the 'Bordereau.' In the course of the dictation the commandant said, sharply, 'You tremble!' I did not tremble. At the court-martial of 1894 he explained this brusque exclamation, saying that he had noticed that I did not tremble during the dictation, and that he consequently thought I was playing a part, and had therefore endeavoured to shake my self-assurance. This vehement remark surprised me greatly, as well as the hostile attitude of Commandant du Paty.

"But as there was no suspicion in my mind, I supposed he was finding fault with my handwriting. My fingers were cold, as the temperature outside was chilly, and I had only been for a few minutes in the warm room. I therefore replied to him, 'My fingers are half frozen.'

"As I continued to write without emotion, Commandant du Paty tried a

fresh manoeuvre, and said to me violently, 'Pay attention; it is a serious matter.' Though surprised at conduct as rude as it was unexpected, I said nothing, and simply endeavoured to write better. From that moment Commandant du Paty, as he stated before the court-martial of 1894, considered that I had all my presence of mind, and that it was useless to continue the experiment any further. The scene of the dictation had been arranged in advance in every detail, but the result had not answered the expectations of those who had devised it. As soon as the dictation was finished Commandant du Paty rose, and, placing his hand on my shoulder, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'In the name of the law, I arrest you. You are accused of the crime of high treason.'

All this is so utterly opposed to the English system that one can scarcely believe it to be true of a neighbouring Power. The account of the degradation of Dreyfus reads like the preliminary to a Chinese execution:

"After the interval of waiting I was conducted by an officer and four men to the centre of the square. Nine o'clock struck. General Barras, who commanded the squad of execution, gave the order to shoulder arms. I was suffering martyrdom, but I straightened myself and made a supreme effort to sustain myself by the remembrance of my wife and children. Immediately after the formal reading of the sentence I exclaimed to the troops: 'Soldiers, an innocent man is degraded! Soldiers, an innocent man is dishonoured! Vive la France! Vive l'armée!'

"An adjutant of the Republican Guard came up to me and rapidly tore the buttons from my coat, the stripes from my trousers, and the marks of my rank from my cap and coat-sleeves, and then broke my sword across his knee. . . . I saw all these emblems of honour fall at my feet. Then, in the midst of my agony, but with head erect, I shouted again and again to the soldiers and assembled people, 'I am innocent!'

"The parade continued. I was compelled to march round the ent're square. I heard the howls of a deluded mob; I could feel the shudder with which it looked upon me, in the belief that the condemned man in their presence was a traitor to his country."

That the populace was with the Army, and that popular opinion endorsed the proceedings against Dreyfus, is an unforgettable feature of the situation. Prisoners have had the solace of sympathy even when guilty, but this innocent one got only hatred from the mob. What must his feelings have been during the following scene?

"The warders thought it best to wait until the onlookers had gone; but every few minutes the chief warden was called away from the train by the delegate of the Ministry of the Interior, and then would return to give mysterious orders to the other guards. Each of these warders went out in his turn and came back bustling, now closing one grating and now another, and whispering in each other's ears. It was clear that this singular manoeuvring would end by attracting the attention of the curious, who would say: 'There must be an important prisoner in the van, and as he has not been taken out, let us wait and see him.' Then once the warders and delegates lost their heads. It seemed that someone had been indiscreet—that my name was pronounced. The news spread rapidly. I had to remain all the afternoon in the car, hearing the crowd outside, which was becoming more turbulent as time went on. At last, at nightfall, I was taken from the car, and as soon as I appeared the clamour redoubled, and blows fell on and around me. The crowd made sudden and angry rushes. I stood impassive in the midst of the throng, for a moment even almost alone, ready to deliver up my body to the fury of the mob. But my soul was my own, and I understood only too well the outraged feelings of these poor deluded people. I should have wished only, in leaving my body to their mercy, to have cried out to them their pitiful error. I pushed away the warders who came to my assistance, but they answered that they were responsible for me."

His treatment on Devil's Island was horrible in the extreme:

"In conformity with these instructions, I was locked up in my hut night and day, without even a moment's exercise. This absolute confinement lasted the whole of the time they were bringing the wood and putting up the palisade, that is to say, about two months and a half. The heat of this year was particularly tropical; it was so great in the hut that the warders on duty made complaint after complaint, declaring that they felt their heads bursting; in spite of their appeals, they were allowed to water the inside of the adjoining lobby, in which they sat every day. As for myself, I was literally melting.

"Dating from September 6th, I was put under double lock at night, and this punishment, which lasted nearly two months, consisted of the following measures: Two bars of iron in the shape of U were fixed by their lower extremities to the sides of my bed. Into these irons another iron bar was fastened, to which two rings were attached. At the extreme end of this bar, on one side was a solid terminal, and on the other a padlock arranged in such a way that the bar was fixed to the irons, and consequently to the bed. Of course, when my feet were fixed in the two rings there was no possibility of my moving. I was invariably fastened down to my bed. The torture was horrible, especially on these sultry nights. Very soon these rings, lightly fastened round my ankles, began to rub sore places.

"The hut was surrounded by a palisade about 7ft. high and about 5ft. distant from the hut. This palisade was much higher than the little barred windows of the hut, which were not quite 4ft. above the ground, consequently I had neither light nor air in the interior of the hut. Beyond this first palisade, which was completely closed, and which was a palisade of defence, a second palisade was built, also completely closed, and of the same height, and which, like the first one, hid everything outside it from my sight. After about three months of the strictest confinement, I received permission to walk between these two palisades, which thus formed a narrow walk during the day under a burning sun, with no trace of shade, and always accompanied by a warden.

"Up to September 4th, 1896, I had occupied my hut only during the night and in the hottest hours of the day, but with September 4th this came to an end; the sight of the sea was forbidden me; I stifled in my hut, where there was neither air nor light. The only alternative was the exercise walk between the two palisades during the day, under the blazing sun, with no shade at all."

This sort of life was enough to have driven him mad, especially when we remember the frightful vermin to whose ravages he was exposed.

"At the end of a short time my books were in a pitiable state, vermin got into them, gnawed them, and laid their eggs in them; vermin swarmed in my hut; mosquitoes as soon as the rainy season began; ants all the year round in such large numbers that I had to isolate my table by placing the legs of it in old preserve boxes filled with petroleum.

"Water had been scarce, for the ants had formed a chain across the surface of it, and when the chain was complete, they crossed from one side to the other, as by a bridge."

"The most tiresome insect was the spider-crab; its bite is venomous. The spider-crab is a creature whose body resembles that of a crab, and its legs are long, like those of a spider. Altogether it is about as large as a man's hand. I killed many of them in my hut, into which they came through the aperture between the roof and walls."

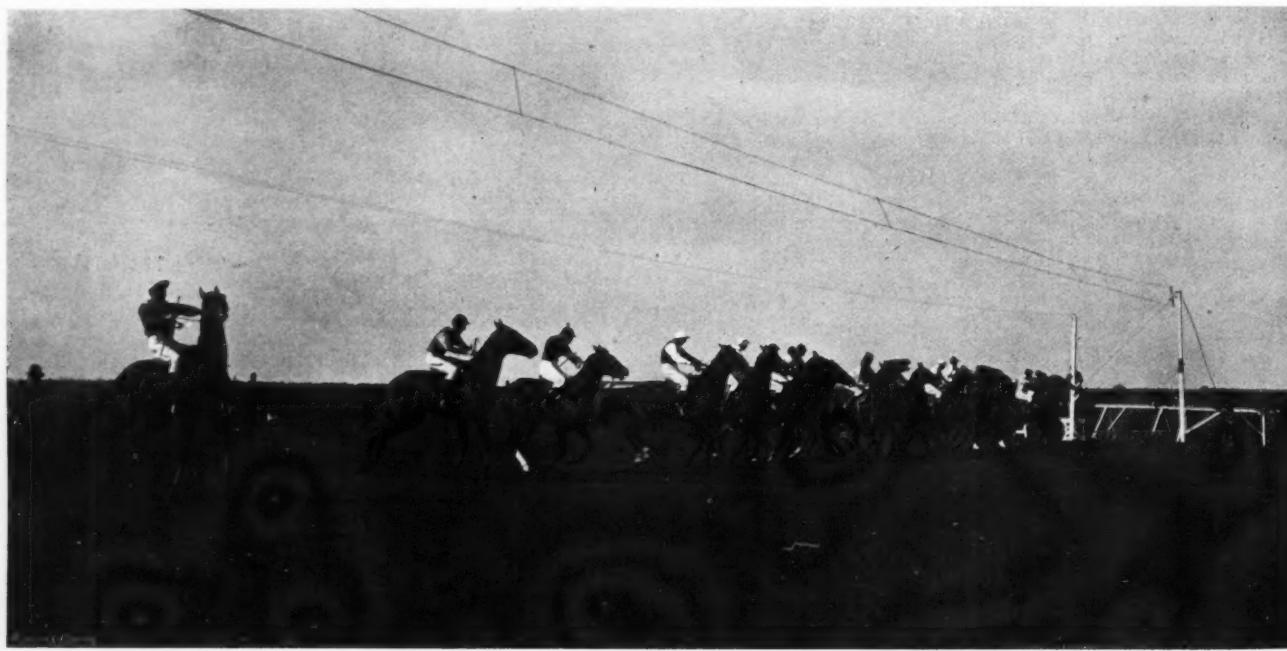
## RACING NOTES.

**I**N the Two Thousand the race was without doubt to the swift, but it was certainly not to the good-looking; and if anybody doubts this, let him look at the photograph of Handicapper which accompanies this article. It seems difficult, to my mind, to find a really first-class point about him, and neither his shoulders nor his quarters, nor the depth of his barrel, nor anything which is superficially and obviously his, are anything out of the ordinary; so that when this is considered in connection with the previous form which he had shown, it is quite easy to understand that he attracted but little attention even from the best judges. But he won his race almost without effort, and there is little reason to believe that he would not beat the same company again, and I understand from eye-witnesses that the suggestions which have been put forward about a false-run race are all nonsense. The start, thanks to the blessed starting-machine, which was on this occasion used in a classic event for the first time, was an excellent one, and the seven minutes' delay contrasts favourably with the forty and even fifty minutes which have been wasted in this race before now under the old method. Lord Bobs, who was thought much of by his connections, collided with Kilcheran at the Bushes; but although this caused him to run without spirit in the last portion of the race, he had no chance with the winner.

Looking at the race as a whole, and leaving for others more industrious

which have been so consistently successful ever since their institution as the "Jubilee," and few races, with the exception, of course, of the classics, which have brought out such horses. During the few years since the Jubilee Stakes has existed most of our great horses have taken part in it. First of all, standing alone, out by himself, we have the great Victor Wild with the two victories standing to his name, the first of which will never be forgotten by many of the enterprising layers of odds; then Kilcock, a weight-carrier if ever there was one, who ran so well under his big burden; and many others. Who does not remember—and this is not such a pleasant recollection—the story of Clwyd and Bridegroom? Certainly the Jubilee Stakes has contributed its share, and more than its share, of incidents to the history of the Turf. But the horses who run on Saturday cannot boast any very distinguished records, and the scratching of The Grafter and the prominent position of Merry Methodist are both perplexing things. That there will be a big field and also a very large attendance are two things which are certain, but everything else connected with the race is so problematical that any discussion on the subject would be more than useless.

The sale of some of Mr. Sievier's horses last week proved conclusively, as everybody expected, that the sensational prices at which he bought most of his stud, under very exceptional circumstances, were purely artificial and inflated, and the total realised, something over 12,000 guineas, was quite as much as was anticipated. The high-priced Toddington attracted only 2,400 guineas instead of 10,000 guineas, and was consequently withdrawn, but Lord Elllesmere improved matters a little by giving 5,300 guineas for the good-looking King's Courier—whose photograph occurs in the course of this article—for, it is alleged, stud purposes, in spite of the fact that Mr. Sievier is anxious to back him for a large sum over two miles and a-half against all comers. Again, in the case of Duke of Westminster, the high—I had almost said preposterous—reserve price of 6,000 guineas was not reached, and Scopre was not put up at all. Leonid, at 300 guineas, went cheaply enough to Mr. C. Wood, and Mr. George Edwardes made a nice bargain by buying Consort, by Orme out of Console, for 2,000 guineas. It may appear to some people that the fact of these sales indicates a disposition on the part of Mr. Sievier to abandon the noble pursuit of racing, but I am informed that, so far from this being the case, the present



W. A. Rouche.

THE START FOR THE TWO THOUSAND.

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and more analytical the task of dissecting the form of each animal, we can see nothing which helps us to the belief that any of the horses engaged are anything more than very moderate indeed; and as we know that bad and moderate horses are desperately fond of beating one another without rhyme or reason, the net result of the race is to leave us very much where we were before with regard to the future. But before we pass on, a word, and more than a word, of praise is due to W. Halsey, who stands out alone as a first-class horseman over jumps and on the flat, although it is only three years since he began to ride regularly under Jockey Club Rules. Even America has found nothing like this to show us yet.

The One Thousand holds out still less inducement to believe that our three year olds are anything but very moderate; and although the victory of Aida was not quite such a terrible shock to the people who knew as the success of Handicapper, there was nothing about it of any particular importance, although at the same time the spring running of fillies is proverbially unreliable. Anyway, from anything which has been shown us up to date, our three year olds are all very much alike, which means very moderate, although the Derby may yet retrieve the character of the year, as we find several horses entered and talked about who have won as three year olds lately. Floriform, Sir Edgar, Volodyovski, and Olympian are all factors of importance in our great race about whom we know little, and while Volodyovski is still steadily supported, Floriform has suddenly become very noticeable indeed, standing side by side with Handicapper. That the field will be a very large one there can be no possible doubt, and it is therefore most satisfactory to hear that the Epsom executive intend taking some action before they hold their next meeting to clear the course of the orange-peel, paper, and other debris which generally covers it, and it is whispered (though it sounds too good to be possible) that they intend to follow the example of the French stewards, and not allow people on the course at all. But I am afraid this is a tale born of hope.

Owing to the exigencies of printing and other technical reasons, the Chester Cup, as far as I am concerned, is at once a thing of the future and of the past, which leaves me only the Jubilee Stakes to discuss. There are few handicaps

season will see him making greater efforts than ever, and although he has had two or three bits of bad luck lately, he will retrieve them soon. Referring, for a moment, to my statements last week about fictitious prices, Princess Melton supplies a splendid instance of this. She cost 15,000 guineas, and ran last in the One Thousand; and in such a year too!

For people who have little opportunity of getting out of London during the week, the Hurst Park Saturday afternoon meetings represent one of the most comfortable forms of amusement which can be found. The journey is not too long, the stands and general accommodation are very comfortable, the racing is always good, and the course is generally in splendid order, and the meeting held last Saturday formed no exception to the general rule. Fields ran large, and in the Hurst Park Spring Handicap Greenaway gained a comfortable victory, while Pelliison followed up his failure in the City and Suturban by another one, if possible, rather worse.

Having escaped the bullets of the Boers, the clutches of enteric, and the other unpleasant things which our soldiers have found in South Africa, it appears that General Gatacre has met with severe injuries while riding in a point-to-point recently. At first it was thought that he had only broken his collar-bone, which, as everybody knows, is nothing very terrible, but it turns out that he is suffering in addition from three injured ribs and several internal bruises. All of which is very bad luck indeed, and it is to be hoped that he will pull round better than the doctors seem to anticipate is likely.

Any motion which has the support of Mr. Leopold Rothschild is generally practicable and feasible, which is a good deal more than can be said of many other motions which are put forward by people less experienced and less sound in judgment, and the motion which was carried at the Jockey Club meeting the other day is a thoroughly sound one. It reads as follows: "That Rule 116 shall in future read, 'No horse shall carry less than 6st. in any race unless the 5lb. apprentice allowance be claimed.'" This was just what was wanted to give trainers opportunity and encouragement to bring forward their promising apprentices, in the hope of making them jockeys. Although our best jockeys are, I maintain, fully equal to those of any other country, they will not last for ever, and the

bigger supply of light-weight jockeys we have to choose from the better, for the successful jockey is born not made, and he is rare bird who should receive every encouragement.

The American jockey, McDermott, was reported to the stewards of the Jockey Club the other day for disqualification at the post in the race for the Friday Welter Handicap last Friday, and he will be suspended until May 17th.

Mr. W. H. Pawson has had a bit of bad luck in losing Cornelius, a fine upstanding Irish steeplechaser, upon whom he won the Champion Steeplechase at Liverpool. Here Cornelius got a piece of broken glass into his foot, and the injury became so bad that he was shot.

Mr. Ripley accomplished a great deed at the United Hunt Steeplechase on Peccavi. He fell down once, was three fences behind his field, and yet, struggling on, won. Bravo!

BUCEPHALUS.

## WILD . . . COUNTRY LIFE.

May 6th.

### THE SENTINEL REDSHANK.

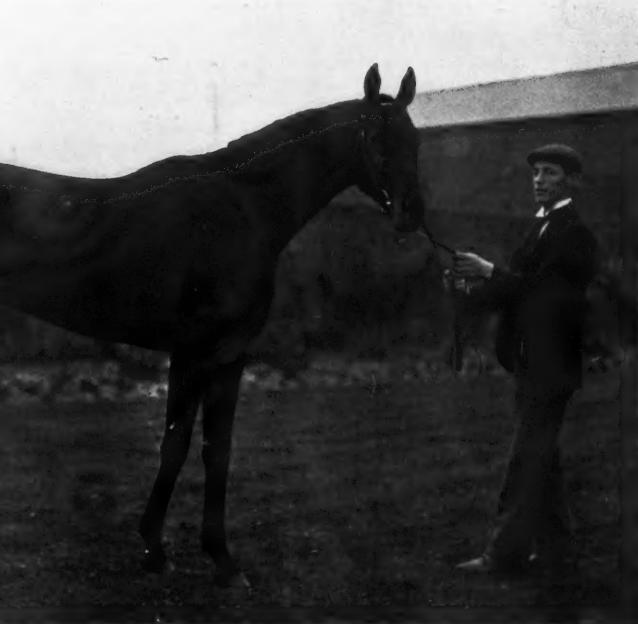
THE shore gunner in winter hates the redshank, because, not worth powder and shot itself, it is always on the *qui vive*, doing outpost duty for the feathered world in general. Long before the man with the gun has got within a mile of any chance of a shot, his advent and progress have been announced by half-minute signals. "Kee-wee, kee-wee, kee-wee," whimpered a redshank, as the man turned the corner of the drift that leads to the marsh and appeared against the skyline; and away went the bird, twisting and winding with the course of a dyke, and suddenly disappearing as an eligible little mud flat between its banks caught his eye. "Kee-wee, kee-wee, kee-wee," again, as the man crosses the first bridge over the big dyke; "Kee-wee, kee-wee," as he jumps a little dyke further on, and so on. And when a shore gunner tells you how he once elaborately and painfully stalked some wild swans, and, getting almost within range, cautiously raised his head to locate the quarry finally, and alarmed a redshank, which alarmed the swans, you will understand, even if you do not approve, his reason for hating this little red-stocking plover.

### ITS BREEDING HAUNT.

But in the breeding season, even the shore gunner must lay aside his gun for a while, and then the redshank prefers to quit the dull marshes and the dangerous vicinity of the sea—where instinct or experience tells him that high tides are apt to play havoc with the best-laid eggs—for some quiet, marshy nook, where the still fresh water soaks into the ground and sends up its wealth of golden marsh marigolds, fenced with reeds and fringed with bulrushes. The rough ground, honeycombed by trickling water and pimpled with tufts of coarse grass and rushes, offers ideal sites for waders' nests, and here the birds live a happy, quiet life, except when some human figure, zigzagging cautiously from firm ground to firm ground through the belt of marsh, reminds them of the shore gunner's pestilential method of progression in winter, and tells them that their haunt is invaded.

### AERIAL ANTICS.

At once the air is filled with whimpering cries as each male redshank within radius of danger wheels his butterfly flight aloft, not, as in winter, swiftly skimming along the course of a mud dyke seawards, but deliberately attracting attention by his quaintly musical double note of the breeding season and his still quainter antics in the air, as he circles above and around the unwelcome visitor. Half-a-dozen quick whirring strokes carry him up like a



W. A. Rouch. **HANDICAPPER, WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND.** Copyright

soaring skylark, and then with stiff wings curved downwards, like a partridge skimming a hedge, he drops a few yards, rises again with the same quick wing beats and again slides down, and all the while his pleasant-sounding notes, echoed by others wheeling in other circles near you, make the sky tremulous with music.

### FORMS OF DEFIANCE.

Ornamental flying and fancy singing under the stress of emotion are characteristics of all the plover family, and the peewit's wailing whistle, as it staggers in strong flight and swoops perpendicularly to within a foot or two of the ground, is intended no doubt for the same purpose as the silvery clamour of the redshanks. Each bird wishes to attract the attention of the enemy, and challenge him to mortal combat. The common idea used to be that these performances were the simulation of lameness for the purpose of tempting the invader to follow, and many observers, with this preconceived idea, have read a ring of mockery into the brisk note with which a bird thus followed to a distance eventually leaves its pursuer. But, apart from the fact that these aerial evolutions are manifestly feats of strength and skill, they are similarly employed in the period of courtship to impress the mind of the females with admiration, and of the rival male with fear. It would be of no manner of use, but quite the reverse, for a suitor to give his lady love and his rival the idea that he was a cripple, and it is hardly possible that he expects man to mistake the same agility for lameness, and a formal challenge to fight for a clumsy effort to escape. No, the antics of the plover are certainly intended as a defiance, and the fact that he keeps at a little distance and retreats as you advance simply shows that he, very sensibly, declines actual combat.

### THE MENACE OF THE WING.

If at any time you watch a defiant partridge or pheasant carefully you will see that one wing, that nearest you, trails more than the other and twitches nervously; but pigeons and many other birds on their nests exhibit the same symptom of a violent twitching of the nearest wing, and you will find out what it means when you put your hand within reach and receive a violent blow from that wing. Very young birds depend almost entirely upon this mode of defence, wagging the member comically up and down between whacks; and, generally speaking, the blow of the wing is the defiance of the weak against the strong. Thus a plucky cock pheasant will assail a walking-stick with violent wing-flips, and in a determined combat between two male pigeons it is always the one which is getting the worst of it that has recourse to the wing as weapon. These facts explain why many birds when offering combat to man's superior strength, should make such play with the nearest wing as to confirm the impression that they are simulating lameness. If we thought, and fought, as birds do, we should probably understand from the beginning that the whole display was a series of the worst threats that the language of bird gesture contains.

### INEDIBLE EDIBLE SNAILS.

The ideas of birds and men appear to differ widely, too, as to what constitutes edibility. We have in England as a heritage from the Romans one kind of snail which we condescendingly characterize as "edible," but it seems to be the only one which the thrushes and blackbirds here leave severely alone. The progeny of two or three which were introduced from the Cotswolds—where they swarm in the wooded vicinity of old Roman stations—are now to be seen crawling openly, as is the habit of the species, over the grass paths, but I have not found the remains of a single one near any of the "thrush's breakfast-tables," though every other kind of snail which the place produces involuntarily assists in the decorative shell-work round the blood-smeared slab.



W. A. Rouch. **KING'S COURIER, SOLD FOR 5,800 GUINEAS.**

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## THE SEASON'S RECORD.

Although we have nearly reached the end of the first week in May, only a solitary pair of house-martins have returned to us yet out of some forty or fifty that the different nests round the buildings produced. On the other hand, we have long had our full complement and more of swallows, besides a number of sand martins, which still haunt the pond, although they have no facilities for nesting within a mile or so. Most of our warblers, including the white-throats, the willow-warbler, garden, sedge, and reed warblers, are, however,

already nesting, and young newly-fledged thrushes and blackbirds make their clumsy appearance on the edges of the lawn daily. Most of the hibernated tortoiseshell and peacock butterflies have disappeared, but May 1st appropriately brought out our first white butterflies. On the other hand, the persistent east winds seem to have kept the moth world almost at a standstill—always excepting the clothes moth, whose mischief begins in mid-April with the regularity of the calendar. Speaking generally, on this part of the East Coast the season would seem to be neither early nor late, but irregular.

E. K. R.



## AT THE THEATRE

THE Man from Blankley's' belongs to that class of "freak" play to which belonged "Our Flat," "The New Wing," and others—that is, plays which depend not on their dramatic merits, but on some extrinsic attraction, such as, in the former piece, the furniture removal, and, in the latter, the rapid repapering of a wall. The "freak" in the farce at the Prince of Wales's Theatre is an elaborately served dinner, real in every detail. It is not such a good "freak" as the two we have cited, because the man in the pit cannot tell whether the dinner is a real or a sham one, and the thing does not lend itself so advantageously to display on the stage as the more obvious *tours de force*, so to speak, of "Our Flat" and "The New Wing."

That Mr. Anstey's work is well written and humorous almost goes without saying; it is most probable, indeed, that success awaits his play for the sake of the gastronomic novelty, the fun of the language, and the desire to see Mr. Charles Hawtrey as a young nobleman mistaken for one of those "hired guests" we are told the Universal Providers let out to suburban hostesses unable from among their friends to make up symmetrical dinner parties. But whatever popularity it may attain will be due to these non-dramatic qualities. There is only one idea in the piece, and that is spun out through three acts—it is almost unavoidable, therefore, that the farce should be thin to the point of tenuity.

Quite impossibly, Lord Strathpeffer continues the mistake until the end of dinner—the mistake by which he has entered the house next door to that at which he intended to dine. He evidently did not say interrogatively to the servant who opens the door, "Mr. Cartouche?" No; he walks straight in; on seeing his host and hostess, whom he has never met before, he shakes hands with them—and once again their names are not mentioned. Well, it is a farce, although it is called a "play" on the programme, and one must forgive that. But this is all there is in the piece! It consists wholly, through three acts, of the banalities of a vulgar suburban gathering, all of whom, except Mr. and Mrs. Tidmarsh, its master and mistress, beslayer his lordship with extravagant adulation, while Mr. and Mrs. Tidmarsh under their breaths—to his bewilderment—give him orders and treat him generally as though he were a lackey. This is very amusing for the first hour—but hardly longer.

It is curious that Mr. Anstey, a genuine humorist, should descend to the silly "joke" of making his puppets mispronounce Strathpeffer's name so often, and that he should seek to extract fun from ridiculous nomenclature, such as Mr. Jeremiah Ditchwater, Mr. Nathaniel Bodfish—of course, someone asks if it is Mr. Codfish—and so on. Much of the language is really smart and funny, though there is plenty that is neither. There is another thing, too, which militates against the artistic success even of the dinner. It is evidently the idea that it should be the absolute reality of the meal which shall appeal—otherwise there would be no sense in its ultra-realism. But, as a matter of fact, the effect produced is one of artificiality, because the couples can only spasmodically speak aloud; first A and B must say something which the audience can hear, then B and C, and so on. As each couple is saying something spiteful about the others, and we know that everyone could not possibly help hearing them, the result is stagey in the extreme.

Mr. Anstey has striven to give a touch of sentiment to his farce by love passages between Lord Strathpeffer and the governess—a delightful vision as represented by Miss Jessie Bateman—but this part of his story is far too shadowy to interest. Nor has the author provided Mr. Hawtrey—who, after all, must be the pivot of all the plays in which he appears—with a part worthy of him; he has simply to "walk through" it, which, of course, he does to admiration. Mr. Kemble, Miss Fanny Brough, Miss Victor, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, and other members of the company all do their utmost to give life and interest to the piece, and succeed to a wonderful extent. Mr. Anstey has laid his colours on with a trowel—the types have all the exaggeration of the Dickensian period—very admirable in Dickensian times, but a little belated nowadays. Nevertheless, and in spite of everything, we shall not be at all surprised to find "The Man from Blankley's" develop into a respectable success, for one laughs for quite half the duration of the farce. The yawning period will probably be abbreviated more and more each night.

THE second version of "Le Collier de la Reine" has been produced by Miss Janette Steer at the Garrick Theatre under the title, "The Queen's Double." Like the other version at the Imperial Theatre it is frank melodrama in costume—quite unreal, absolutely theatrical, but far from uninteresting "in spots," as our American cousins say. Miss Steer, like Mrs. Langtry, assumes the parts both of Marie Antoinette and her "double," the adventuress who stole the wonderful diamond necklace and involved the Queen in a scandal with Cardinal De Rohan. In the play at the Imperial it is Her Majesty who is the leading figure; at the Garrick it is Madame La Motte, who resembles the Queen so closely that nearly everyone is deceived. In "The Queen's Double" it is La Motte who acts as the mainspring of the whole drama.

Through all sorts of marvellous adventures the characters safely make their way—it is not necessary at this time of day to tell again the story of the necklace, or even of the variations upon it we are shown by the anonymous author of the drama at the Garrick. Miss Janette Steer plays the two characters with a certain clever differentiation between them, with earnestness and a fair amount of dash on the one hand, and regality on the other. Mr. Mackintosh, as De Rohan, does all that is possible with unsatisfactory material; Mr. Luigi Lablache, Miss Lettice Fairfax, Mr. George, Mr. Braidon, and Mr. Conway Tearle act with spirit and colour, and won for the flamboyant piece a favourable verdict. Beautifully "gowned" and handsomely staged, "The Queen's Double" started very well indeed.

WE had been led to expect so much of Mr. Weedon Grossmith's new three-act farce—"The Night of the Party"—first, from the paragraphs of admiring journalistic friends, second, from the cleverness of the same author's one-act play, "A Commission," which he wrote some years ago, that a disappointment was in store for us at the Avenue Theatre, where the latest effort in humour is now being presented.

There is a good deal of laughter in "The Night of the Party"—but there is a good deal of interval between the laughs, also. Worse, some of the laughter is raised by distinctly unpleasant means. There is the odour of the disreputable club

and the unpleasant woman over it all. There are, besides, many quaint ideas and funny lines. But the basework of the farce is as old as the hills—it shows us once again high life below stairs, servants masquerading as ladies and gentlemen, the return of the master of the house, the hiding and the lying. The first act, perhaps, is the best of the three, even though its material is so old. The second and third give one the impression of having been written over and over again, the author at first having no very definite idea of what was going to happen.

There would be little good done by repeating the story of the superbly cool factotum who gives a party in his master's rooms to other servants and to women of another class, and who, later, assumes his master's name, makes love to ladies—real and otherwise—and relieves his master, by his wonderful resource and aplomb, from the unpleasant consequences of his—the servant's—own acts. Whatever success may be made with "The Night of the Party" will come from the acting of the superlatively funny Weedon Grossmith—a comic genius if ever we had one, the lineal descendant of the great comedians of the past. The absolute stolidity of him sometimes gives place to the most intense mock-tragedy—though this side of his art is not given much play in the piece; indeed, considering that Mr. Grossmith is his own author, he has not given his leading man—he is his own leading man—the opportunities he has the right to expect. The rest of the company is quite undistinguished and mediocre.

THE world theatrical continues in a state of feverish activity, in spite of the fact that we have already been revelling in new play after new play during the past few weeks. The most interesting announcement made is that Mr. Forbes Robertson is shortly to change his programme at the Comedy Theatre, where he will produce M. Tiercelin's three-act version of his play, "The Sacrament of Judas," in which Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared some time ago at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The little drama then created so profound an impression that the French author wisely determined to elaborate it, showing in action the events which were merely related in the piece in its earlier form, placing before the audience the episodes which led up to the powerfully-dramatic climax which formed the *clou* of the play. So the last act of the new three-act piece remains, practically, the original one-act play. Miss Gertrude Elliott enacts the character in which Mrs. Campbell originally appeared, and, of course, Mr. Forbes Robertson will repeat his performance of the part of the priest. Mr. Louis N. Parker is once again M. Tiercelin's translator.

Mrs. Maesmore Morris is an actress of whom London would willingly see more, for she has only played small parts, under the banner of Mr. Alexander at the St. James's, just sufficient to whet our curiosity and to make us interested to discover how far her evident intelligence and prepossessing appearance will carry her.

About the time these lines appear in print Mr. Martin Harvey will have transferred "The Cigarette Maker's Romance" from the Court to the Apollo Theatre, where it will be preceded by a one-act play by Mr. Fred Wright, jun., called "Toff Jim." Mr. Wright is the popular comedian at the Gaiety Theatre, a member of the extraordinarily clever theatrical family which has given us Mr. Wright, sen., Mr. Huntley Wright, Mr. Fred Wright, and Miss Haidée Wright. The author of "Toff Jim" has already shown an aptitude for serious work for the stage, and it is possible that he will add success as a dramatist to the abounding laurels of his family.

Mr. Nat Goodwin will appear in Mr. Esmond's play, "When We were Twenty-one," at the Comedy Theatre in the autumn.

PHÆBUS.

## SCHOOL SPORTS

### ST. PAUL'S.

M R. "PUNCH," with his usual good sense, asked whatever people could be thinking about who said that the boys of the great and ancient schools of London did not get enough games and amusement. The fact is that they have such large opportunities of both that they hardly know which to choose; and as they do not live in the rather barrack-like conditions of the great county schools, but mainly live at home and do their work at St. Paul's or Merchant Taylors' or Westminster, there is just a chance that they run too many coaches abreast. What with his work, school games, occasional

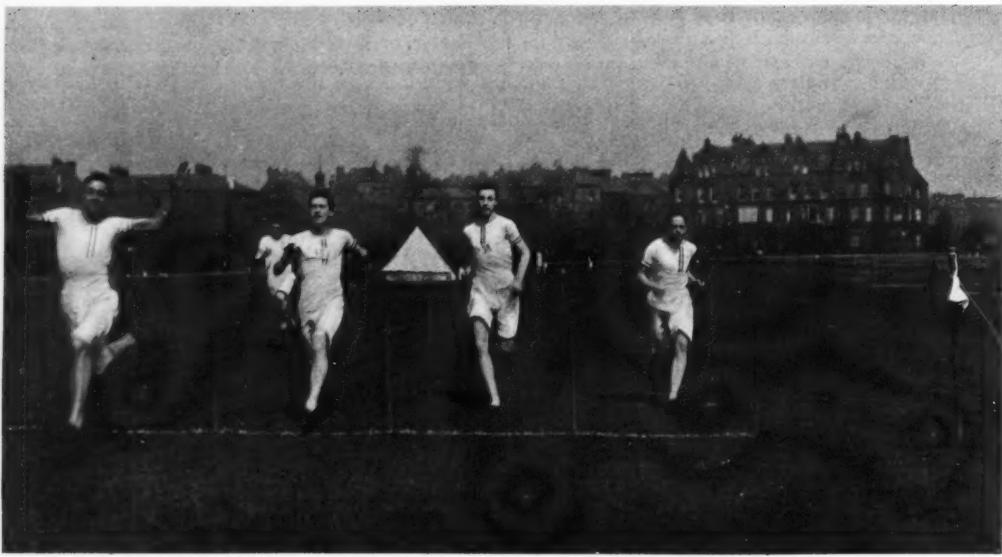
theatres, making engines or carpentering at home, perhaps a taste for music or art, of which he can hear and see the very best, or a turn for mechanics, or some other hobby which London gives him ample chances for, the London public school boy is a very happy and occupied person. But to our sports. The best of the Oxford men this year was Cornish, a Merchant Taylors' boy. Three Paulines were also running, two for Oxford and one for Cambridge, and, as is known, the Westminster boys, trained in Vincent Square, have with Charterhouse been for twenty years the main pillars of the Association football team of Oxford. Last Saturday the St. Paul's boys held their sports at West Kensington. The playing-field is a fine one of ten acres of good turf, with Waterhouse's big red Gothic building looking down on it. The "sport" given by these sports was really excellent, and the setting quite pretty, for there is a good sprinkling of trees round the field, and the architectural surroundings are fine. All the time boys who had been racing or who felt inclined for a swim kept dropping into the splendid new swimming-bath, which was open to gentlemen visitors, so that aquatics and athletics were going on together. The times in which the races were run, as these were, on the turf, must not be compared with those on cinder paths; but they were quite good enough. As everyone knows, school athletics are divided into "classes," the second being for those under sixteen, and the third for boys under fourteen. These are often quite as good sport as the efforts of the elders. The high jump in the second class at St. Paul's was a remarkable feat for a boy under sixteen; it was won by S. L. C. Gilks, who jumped 4ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. This excellent jump is the subject of one of our illustrations. The mile race aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the very large gathering of spectators, for it was a really genuine exhibition of pluck and endurance. There is no "flash" about a mile race. Every one knows, and can see, what an effort it is to run nearly as fast as you can for those long laps round the course. They see, or think they see, what is passing in each runner's mind as he



Lallie Charles.

MRS. MAESMORE MORRIS.

Titchfield Road, N.W.



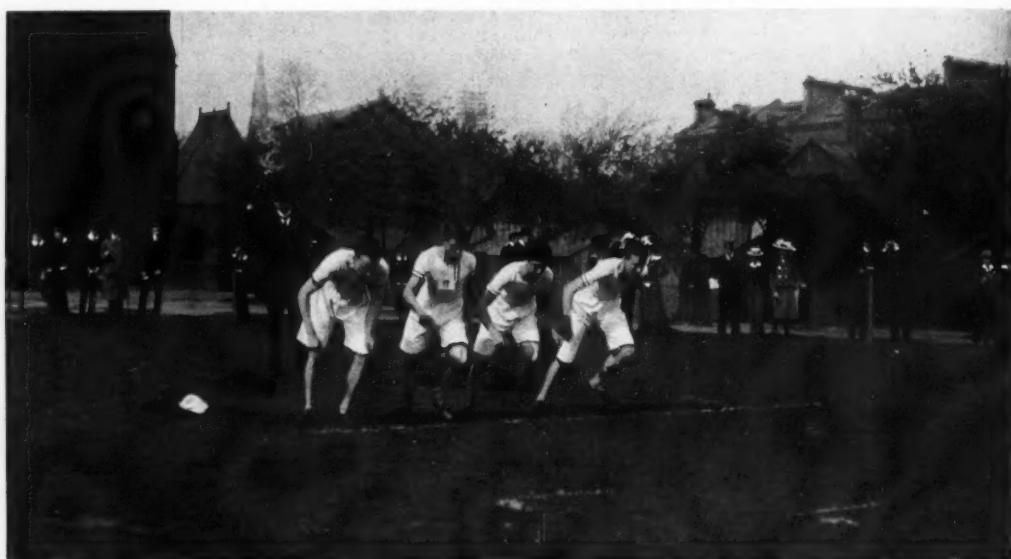
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E. J. SCOTT WINNING THE HUNDRED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

quicken or waits on his rivals. These were the races of which Virgil wrote and which Greek poets strung their lyres to celebrate. The English boys are, we venture to say, every bit as good as the Greek ones. A dozen boys entered and started, and the field lengthened and thinned out, as it always does, till, at the last lap, the large crowd began to spot the winner, and the boys who knew the winner to shout to their favourites. Cohen, who had the advantage of the inside place, had started at a great pace, the first quarter being done in 1 min. 5 sec. He slowed down later, and for two more laps the order was Cohen and Hopkins close together, Gibb 100yds. behind, and the rest some way in the rear. In the last lap Gibb was 40yds. behind the leader. Then he made a wonderfully plucky spurt, and, coming steadily on, though the others were doing their very best, caught Hopkins, and, still forging on, beat the leader, Cohen, by an inch or two, actually on the tape. Hopkins was a good third. Everyone who sees a race like this appreciates it. Then the hurdle race was a good one. It is always a pretty event to watch. Most ladies who do not habitually go to athletic meetings are rather

made a great effort, and won on the tape. The 600yds. handicap is always a joyous event to watch, because the small boys have a huge start, and some of them generally struggle in just in front of



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THE START FOR THE SENIOR QUARTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the swells of twice their height who start near to scratch. In this case it was won by a boy under fourteen, Just, who also won the 300yds. race. There was a fine wholesome excitement when the results of the competitions between the various school athletic clubs were announced.

A fact that is worthy of record is that of the 580 boys now at St. Paul's, no less than 181 entered for the various events. Of these there were eighty-five in Class III., which was for lads between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. But perhaps the small boys in Class IV., who were under thirteen, created as much interest in their events as any of their seniors. Certain is it that, with perhaps one exception, their "hundred" brought forth more noise from their school companions than was provoked by any other event. This exception was found in the sack race for youngsters under fifteen, and the large field, to use a racing phrase which is literally true, that "faced" the starter, showed that the British boy is fond of fun.

One feature about the



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THE WINNER OF THE HIGH JUMP, CLASS II.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE TUG-OF-WAR FINAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

St. Paul's sports that it would be well if other schools were to copy was the strict punctuality which was observed in carrying out the programme.

No one, in summing up all the blessings of the Victorian Era, remembered to mention how much happier and better was the life of the English boy. If an object-lesson were wanted, the St. Paul's sports and their surroundings gave it. When Lord North, Lord Paget, and other distinguished men of Edward VI.'s reign were at Dean Colet's new and successful school under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, they had no playground, and no special facilities for amusement. When Milton was there things were not much better, and it may be doubted whether the late Dr. Jowett, when a boy there, fared much better. The distinction of the Paulines in scholarship and work is now far greater than it ever was, and for many years they have topped the list of prize-winners at the Universities and elsewhere. But with what different surroundings, though still in London. A big cricket-field, a fine gymnasium (they have been among the first in the Aldershot competitions and in the public school boxing since those institutions were started), a splendid swimming-bath, covered and heated, long lines of workshops and machine shops, a corner for the rifle corps to dig trenches in, a covered range—all these pleasant things surround their playground, and are available summer and winter. The old ties with the City are not broken. The prizes were given away before the Master of the Mercers' Company, that great City foundation to whose care Dean Colet, who saw that the Reformation was coming, left

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THE FINISH OF THE JUNIOR HUNDRED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



it and keep it from being affected by frost or damp. I should be glad to receive any information on this subject that you or any of your staff could give in the next issue of COUNTRY LIFE.—M. E.



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BROMAGE AND ROWE AT THE LAST HURDLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the endowment of his school, whereby it escaped the confiscation which would have attended it if left to a monastery or the Chapter of St. Paul's. Mrs. Holmes Blakesley, the wife of the Master of the Company, gave the cups to the boys who had won them, and the company then dispersed.

### Correspondence.

#### SMOKING SALMON.

[To the Editor.]

SIR,—I should be very glad if any of your readers can give me any information regarding the process of smoking salmon. It is for a friend just gone out to British Columbia, who wishes to smoke the fish out there and ship them to England. There appeared in one of the issues of your paper last year an article on "Shooting the Sea Otter." Could you give me the date of issue? Any information on this subject would be very acceptable.—R. P. W., Hadley Wood.

whole purposes these have been improved upon. An article on "Shooting the Sea Otter" appeared on page 725, Vol. viii., of COUNTRY LIFE.—ED.]

#### MALTESE STONE IN GARDENS.

[To the Editor.]

SIR,—I should be glad to know whether a pedestal of Maltese stone carved in Malta would stand an out of door exposure in England. I wish to use such a pedestal for a sundial in a garden in Gloucestershire, and have been told that it may be treated with a wash which would harden and preserve

[We cannot speak from experience of the use of Maltese stone in this country, but can hardly believe that so friable a stone would stand as a pedestal for a sundial. It is not quite clear from your letter whether the pedestal is an old one. If so, and it has acquired that beautiful cream-coloured skin or coating that this stone takes on, it would have a better chance, no doubt, than if set up newly carved. There is, of course, the ordinary wash, with which a builder would supply you, used for rendering porous sandstone more waterproof, and probably that would help the Maltese stone to stand the weather if applied liberally. We fancy that it would require a bigger dose than is sufficient for the sandstone. Yet, even so, we have grave doubts of the stone lasting. It is to be remembered that in Malta, and also in New Zealand, where a similar miocene stone is in use for building, the climate is more dry and equable than with us. Yet even there it is somewhat friable, and possibly it contributes in no small degree to the extreme dustiness of Maltese towns. A good deal would depend on the shape of the pedestal. If of a dumpy figure it would have a better chance than if of any of the more slender shapes. In any case, if you try the experiment we should advise you using the common water-proofing solution that is applied to sandstone. We know of no better—though better there may be. Should you make the trial, we shall be interested to hear the result.—ED.]

#### A TEAM OF BLUE ROANS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph, taken on the South Coast, about five miles inland, between Bexhill and Hastings, depicts a rather picturesque sight—



a team of blue roans in splendid condition, all of uniform colour, harnessed to a wagon filled with lumps of rock used for making up the roads in this part of the country. The horses are taking a well-earned rest, having drawn their heavy load up a rather steep hill. There is just a glimpse of the sea in the distance.—

HARRY B. HALE.

#### LAVING OUT A GARDEN AT WINDERMERE.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be grateful for advice in laying out a very small garden surrounding a villa on the east bank of Lake Windermere. It is halfway up a hillside, in sheltered position, and front of house has a westerly aspect. The geological description of the land is Irelith slate, but to the uninitiated and to one who has always lived in towns and is profoundly ignorant of all branches of horticulture, it is simply a furze-grown mountain, covered with soot, green turf, and chiefly remarkable for the abundance of ferns, mosses, and evergreens, particularly laurels and ivy, which grow abundantly in all directions. My idea is to cover the house with various creepers, intermixed with ivy, and I should like to know the most suitable for such a position. I wish to have as many roses as possible, and to fill the borders with simple, old-fashioned, sweet-smelling flowers which will come up year after year without much cultivation. Everything must be grown in the open and capable of standing the winter, as there is no greenhouse. Expense is a consideration, so costly plants are tabooed. The house is semi-detached, with a small square plot at back, a triangular piece of ground at the side, and the usual narrow strip of garden ground in front of house. As the house is new and will not be ready for occupation till June, I shall not be able to produce much effect this season, but shall be glad to make provision for the future.—

WELSH GOLD.

You will be wise to get first a good beginner's book on gardening, such as the "Gardening for Beginners—a Handbook to the Garden," by the joint editor of the *Garden*, price 10s. 6d. (George Newnes, Southampton Street, Strand, London), as this will help you greatly. It will be published in a few days. You will not be able to plant anything until the autumn. Meanwhile see what thin's succeed well in the gardens round about, and if you can give us an indication of the things that are a success, we can deal more fully with the question than is possible now. You should be able to make a very pretty garden of it, by planting a few of the best flowering trees and shrubs, double white cherry, Siberian crab, *Prunus persica* roseo-plena (the double-flowering peach), forsythia, weigela, guelder rose, rose acacia, almond, white Syrian mallow (*Hibiscus syriacus* totus albus), *Cydonia japonica* (Japanese quince), *Pyrus malus* floribunda (a delightful dwarf tree, with pinkish flowers, deeper in the bud), lilacs, the white Marie Legrange for one, tea-scented roses, climbing roses, plenty of daffodils, tulips, and other bulbs, stocks, Canterbury bells; and of creepers or climbers there is an infinite variety—*Forsythia suspensa*, *clematis Jackmani*, *C. montana*, honeysuckle, white jasmine, the yellow winter-flowering jasminum nudiflorum, *ampelopsis muralis*, and an ordinary sweet water vine. Of course you can make the garden gay this summer by planting out tender bedding plants, the sweet-scented tobacco, tuberous begonias, zonal pelargoniums (geraniums), blue lobelia, fuchsias, and so forth. You should make a strong point of annual flowers, sweet-smelling kinds, such as the night-scented stock, mignonette, sweet Sultan, and sweet peas.—ED.]

#### THE HORSE-CHESTNUTS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you please tell me something about the horse-chestnuts? I know very little about gardening, but am interested in it, and have taken a new house

and garden of two acres, concerning which I hope to ask you to give me some hints when the planting-time comes round. But as the horse-chestnuts are now in flower, I am reminded of what a friend told me last year—that there were several kinds, some with quite red flowers. Would you kindly enlighten?—

AN IGNORANT ONE.

[Probably it will surprise you to know that the horse-chestnut is not a native tree, but comes from Asia, whence it was brought to this country in 1629 or thereabouts. There are varieties with double flowers, others with finely-cut leaves, and in some cases there is distinct foliage variegation. *A. indica*, well known as the Indian horse-chestnut, is of very free growth, with numerous branches and a wealth of white flowers, marked with red and yellow. The one named rubicunda, or carnea, as it is now called, deserves greater popularity. It grows upwards of 20ft. in height, and comes from North America; its showy scarlet flowers, borne on substantial spikes, remain in beauty for several weeks. Brioti is a variety of the last named, and is quite as free-flowering. The large rose-coloured flowers are carried on long erect spikes, and are long-lasting. It is a grand tree for lawn and park. *A. californica*, or *Pavia californica*, as it is also named, is of spreading habit, about 12ft. high, and in August is covered with rose-pink flowers. It is very uncommon, perfectly hardy, attractive, and valuable for its lateness. *A. parviflora* (*Pavia macrostachys*), indigenous to North America, is a superb tree, and exceptionally free-flowering. Its sweet-scented white flowers are borne in long racemes, and have conspicuous stamens. *A. flava* (Sweet Buckeye), also known under the names of *Pavia bicolor* and *P. flava*, bears pale green flowers; it grows upwards of 20ft. high. You must give some indication of the kind of soil in the garden and its position, as of course the horse-chestnuts, the red-flowered kinds in particular, are happier in some places than in others. We should first plant Brioti of the red-flowered varieties; its flowers are so bright and free.—ED.]

#### PLANTS ON OLD WALLS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a garden belonging to this house, about 25ft. wide and 100ft. long, with brick walls on each side, which have 14in. piers on both sides on my side, and I have thought of utilising these piers for planting in pockets on the tops of them plants delighting in old mortar and dry surroundings, and with this object in view I instructed my bookseller to procure me a copy of "Wall and Water Gardens," but he informs me that, although advertised, it is not yet published. What am I to do? If I cannot get it at once I shall lose a whole season, and at my time of life (seventy-three) that is not to be thought of. Can you help me? I may add that I have done something in the way of making a water garden, as I have constructed an oblong tank with bays and a rough rockwork fountain in the centre, in which I have planted water-lilies and other aquatic plants, and put in some goldfish, which are excellent for out of door fountain basins.—E. T. B.

[Unfortunately, this is the very worst time of the year to plant a wall with any hope of success; it should be done in September and onwards, or even in August if there is rain or the means of keeping the wall often watered. The only thing that could be done now in planting is to put in small seedlings, not over 2in. high, of wallflower, snapdragon, or valerian, if they can be had, or to prepare the wall well and sow these or alpine pinks. If good space can be made on the top of the piers, you could plant for the summer, geraniums, gazania, or portulaca, the latter sown in pots and the entire potful turned out. No doubt anyone with a thorough knowledge of the subject could contrive some other plantings now, but in your case it would be better to wait for "Wall and Water Gardens," which will enable you to make thorough preparations for an early autumn planting.—ED.]

#### A NUTHATCH'S NEST.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a nuthatch's nest taken at Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, which, I think, you may like to reproduce. It is an interesting photograph, in that it is only on rare occasions that these birds choose a hole in a wall for their nests. They almost invariably choose an old wood-pecker's nest in a hole in a tree. The hole is about 6in. square and about 5in. deep, and, as shown by the photograph, it has been filled up almost entirely by the birds with clay. The nest is only a few yards from the dining-room window, and stands about 5ft. 6in. above the ground. The pair could be seen almost any time during the middle of April busily engaged in plastering the clay in front of the hole. They were usually absent about half-an-hour when fetching more building material. The photograph shows very clearly the marks made in the clay with their bills. The inside, as is usual, has only a few dry leaves laid on the bare stone.—A. H. S. HOWARD.

